The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1904.

The Week.

No period in twenty years has been more inopportune for a feud among Republicans of this State. The Republican strength has been waning ever since 1900. In 1902 Odell scraped through with less than 10,000 plurality; in 1903 Greater New York passed over to Tammany control by a substantial majority. By assuming the duties of State Chairman, Gov. Odell has disgusted the better element of all parties. Only a few weeks ago well-informed Republican politicians were privately admitting that the movement of the independent vote toward the Democrats was irresistible; that New York would be against Roosevelt and against any Republican candidate for Governor, except, perhaps, Elihu Root. A man with "an Odell tag" on him—to use Senator Platt's expressive phrase—was foredoomed to defeat. And now we have a man who bears the Odell tag, put on him after a very bitter and dramatic struggle. Of Mr. Higgins personally every one speaks well. He is quiet, well-trained in business, and, as Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, has had a creditable record. The doubt, however, is whether he has the courage to break up what is known as "the State Capitol gang," whether his backbone can withstand the pressure of the Odell machine.

The New York Republican platform certainly contains not a syllable that will serve as a summons to the defeated and disgruntled faction. The laudation of President Roosevelt's "honesty, wisdom, courage, and patriotism," and the endorsement of the national platform are in the usual perfunctory style; while the commendation of Governor Odell will, of course, excite among the disaffected only derisive laughter. The proposal to "increase the effectiveness of the school system" and build up the State's educational facilities "wherever practicable" is too general to win votes or to bind the party. The further purchase and preservation of Adirondack forest lands is highly commendable, provided the process does not mean more fat fees for favored Republican lawyers and landbrokers. The most curious plank is that in praise of the present system of indirect taxation. "The effective measures of the Republican party in this direction constitute the greatest step taken in the history of our commonwealth for the relief of taxpayers." And yet there seems to be a rift within the lute, for "if any taxes heretofore levied, especially such as affect the savings of the people, appear to be unjust or unnecessary, we favor such revision of the tax laws as will equitably correct such condition." Here is no trumpet-call to stir the hearts of the Republican hosts.

It appears to be fated that some orator or other should make a "break" at every political convention, and it was Chairman Fassett's turn at Saratoga on Friday. In one of his mounting periods about "that brave and fearless, etc.," he said that President Roosevelt had even dared to "defy the labor unions." Imagine the gasps and sinking of heart among the delegates. They must have felt something like that grief of strong men which moved the Democrats at St. Louis when that consummate naval rhetorician, Capt. Hobson, ventured to praise President Cleveland as a man who had taken a labor union by the throat. Woe was pictured on every countenance. One Democratic Congressman was heard to wail: "That speech means 3,000 Republican majority in my district." But perhaps Fassett's assertion that Roosevelt is the true Ajax defying organized labor will save the distraught Democrat after all. Seriously, the dread of saying anything which can be tortured into an affront to "labor" is one of the most needless of the many fears which haunt politicians.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon has chosen a most inappropriate time to sound a "note of alarm" over the Republican prospects. Brief was the joy of those who read in veracious Republican newspapers in this city on Friday: "There is little doubt that the Parker managers regard the fight as lost." If so, why was the country informed the same day that Speaker Cannon, who has been travelling through the West, disagrees with the general notion of the party that the Democrats are asleep? Why has he "read the riot act to both State and national managers"? If the Republicans have the Democrats on the run, there can be no call for such an emergency measure. Neither can it be necessary for Uncle Joe, at his time of life, to buckle down to active campaigning. What can have happened? This: he has learned that "an appeal to the discontented" is being sent out from New York. "Every man who is out of work," he says, is now receiving the attention of the Democratic managers. But the country never was more prosperous, say President Roosevelt, Senator Fairbanks, and Republican orators generally. Don't joke on serious subjects, Uncle Joe! How can there be any unemployed and discontented? Does not the Chicago platform declare in so many words that, "under the Dingley tariff, labor has been fully employed, wages have risen, and all industries have revived and prospered"?

New Jersey Democrats gave the Republicans fresh cause for worry on Thursday. Mr. Black, their nominee for Governor, is an able lawyer of excellent record, as far as possible from the type of machine politician; while the issue of equal taxation which the Convention pushed to the front is one over which the State is becoming aroused, though the Republicans are sorely divided about it. The Republican Mayor of Jersey City has severely arraigned the men in control of his party for subserviency to railroad interests, and for extravagant and oppressive legislation. The answer which the party managers propose to make is to nominate for the Governorship Senator Stokes, a well-known henchman of the railroads.

A Washington dispatch reports that Chairman Cowherd has urged the Southern members of the Democratic Congressional Committee to bring out a large vote this fall in every district, whether there is opposition to the Democratic candidate or not. Some advocates of reducing Southern representation find an argument in the preposterously small vote by which Southern districts send Democrats to Congress. It has been computed that a white Mississippian who votes has something like forty times more representation, proportionately, than a New Yorker. Efforts to bring the whole body of Southern white men to the polls will obviously reduce this apparent inequality. Yet such efforts must be in their very nature artificial, so long as one party practically monopolizes the voting privilege. All the Congressmen from Mississippi, all but two from Georgia, and all from Florida were elected without opposition at the polls. Will any man inconvenience himself to vote in such an election merely for the sake of making an impression on the North? Men will turn out and vote when there is something to vote about. The Democratic primary in the South has usurped the place of the election. In such a contest as the one between Congressman Bankhead and the spectacular Richmond Hobson, last April, a vote is polled immensely larger than that on election day. The returns just at hand from the South Carolina primary show the condition that must always exist when there is no healthy division of parties. Though not quite complete, they show that 11,319 men voted in the primary of the Sixth District, which chose its present Congressman by a total vote of 3,981, while in the Second District there were cast 10,072

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votes in the primary to only 5,381 in the actual election of last year.

As the Statesboro outrage was one of the most shocking triumphs of lawlessness over order which the black history of Southern lynchings affords, the whole country has an interest in the meting out of justice to the men responsible. The court of inquiry, after hearing evidence, recommended a court-martial for Capt. Hitch, Lieuts. Cone, Mell, and Griner, the officers in command of those precious "soldiers" who, opposing a frenzied mob with Quaker guns, permitted two convicted criminals to be taken away from them and burned at the stake. Gov. Terrell has promptly carried out the recommendation, and the court-martial is to convene at Savannah a week hence. Lieut. McIntyre, who seems to have been made of different stuff from his fellow-officers, and was badly wounded while trying to save the negroes from the mob, is rightly exonerated. Some of these same militia announced before going to the manœuvres that they would not submit to "chaffing" by Northern troops on their part in the Statesboro affair. They have now to face something more serious than mere ridicule.

To the Administration the American cigar has appealed, and not in vain, against the flaunting manners of the Havana. There are miserable beings, cravens and weaklings of the smoker class, who prefer the bland aroma of the Havana to the simpler pungency of the American article. These bad Americans have taken advantage of the conspicuous pink revenue stamp with which the customs mark all imported cigars. By looking out for this band these effete lovers of pauper-made *perfectos* have been able to avoid the humbler and more wholesome article sealed only with the green internal-revenue stamp. This distinction the lovers of the American weed have held to be unfair advertising of the imported product. Only make the boxes alike, it was suggested, and the most graceless consumer of *Vuelta Abajo* may gradually be drawn, through the deceptive pleasures of Key West, to the milder fragrance of the Connecticut brands, to the more masculine delights of Louisiana plantation leaf, while, with the flaunting temptation of the pink stamp removed, he may finally be won to his birthright as a free-born American smoker—the Pittsburgh stogy. Of course, a well-disposed Administration had to get round the difficulty that by law the imported cigar-boxes must be plainly stamped, and that such stamp perforce and intentionally advertises the fact that the cigars are imported. But this difficulty will be remedied by making the customs revenue stamp small, and affixing it to the bottom of the box, where it will cost the bad American some pains to see it. Has the history of tariff humors and curiosities a more picayune chapter to show than this?

Some communities in this country earnestly desire foreign immigration. Others are pretty strongly opposed to it. Obviously, the practical immigration problem is one of distribution. The immigrant has a perverse way of settling in those places which do not want him and ignoring those which do. Any systematic effort made by the Government agents in Europe to attract immigrants to some particular spot in need of them, would be attacked with some justice on the ground that we get more than we want without advertising for them. Commissioners of immigration for many years past have believed that something in the way of better distribution could be accomplished by affording the States needing labor an opportunity after the immigrant has landed of giving him information about conditions in their sections and inviting him to settle there. Commissioner-General Sargent renews the recommendation this year, and asks Congress for a chance to begin work of this kind at Ellis Island. It is doubtless true that the majority of arrivals already know their destinations, but, if there is any considerable percentage which could be diverted to more useful fields by an explanation of the conditions, the plan may be worth trying.

The strongest impression which one gets from the speeches at the annual meeting of the American Bankers' Association is that banking in this country betrays great diversity. This is true as regards those institutions which operate under the National Banking law, and it is doubly so in the case of those which do business under other charters. In the one instance, the supervision of the Comptroller of the Currency and certain general requirements as to methods give an appearance of solidarity; in the other, we find the trust companies and private banks, not only differing among themselves in policy, but likewise flying in the face of provisions which are regarded as indispensable to the best interests of the national banks. The need of greater conservatism on the part of this class of fiduciary institutions was admitted on all sides in the proceedings; but, even better, real steps were taken to accomplish this end. The abuses of trust companies were discussed with surprising frankness by Mr. F. H. Fries. Broadly speaking, he said, the trust company acts for others and not for itself. To engage, therefore, in a business incompatible with these relations is foreign to the purposes for which it is intended. With this as a text, it was easy for him to pass on to the subject of promoting, underwriting, and reserve requirements. Topics more vital than these have not engaged the attention of the financial world in the last year. Mr. Fries, himself a trust-company president, did not mince words in talking about "the gross impropriety of a trust company becoming a promoter, or entering the field of speculation in any way." He also declared that if such an institution does a commercial banking business, the same reserves that are required of the national and State banks should be kept by it, and the same system of supervision should be submitted to. This excellent precept was accompanied by resolutions looking to the passage of uniform laws by the different States for supervision of trust companies.

An interesting divergence of opinion was revealed in the matter of an "emergency circulation" of currency. The question at issue concerns the familiar problem how the banks are to meet severe financial crises in the future, with the present system of reserves and note circulation. Panics of the past—those of 1893, 1890, and 1884, for instance—have been met by the use of clearing-house loan certificates, whereby all banks in a given clearing-house association virtually pooled their credit, the stronger institutions accepting from the weaker, in lieu of cash payment on a debit balance, certificates based on such assets of the weaker bank as the clearing-house committee should approve. Of recent years, the tendency of banking discussion has been towards the abandonment of this contrivance, and the substitution of a more regular and permanent measure of possible relief. Mr. Hepburn's address to the Bankers' Convention advocated adoption of the German system, under which banks are allowed, in time of stress, to issue notes in excess of the ordinary legal limit; such excess issue being, however, so heavily taxed by the Government as to ensure retirement when the emergency is ended. The president of the Association, Mr. Bigelow, took ground flatly against all plans of emergency circulation, remarking that when extravagance in trade or finance causes trouble in money markets, "the public is only worse off for any elaborate, prearranged plan to let it out of a bad hole in an easy way."

Canada as well as the United States is preparing for a general election in November. As Mr. Chamberlain has been telling the world that ardent appeals were coming from the colonies for imperial federation and preferential trade, it might naturally be supposed that these were now the leading issues in the campaign across the border. But in fact they are playing almost absolutely no part. In the last session of

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the Dominion Parliament no one had the courage to bring them to the front. They were not regarded as a winning card then, and there is even less disposition on the part either of the Liberals or the Opposition to talk about them on the stump. The present administration "points with pride" to the prosperous condition of the country and to its policy of railway extension, but it sees great possibilities of evil in the Chamberlain programme as a campaign issue. The French Canadians have distinctly not warmed to the late colonial secretary. And the English-speaking part of the community, when it comes to changing imperial federation and preferential trade from the realm of sentiment to that of practical attainment, are strongly of the opinion that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. The Canadians have no desire to increase their armaments at home, or contribute to the support of the British army and navy. They are, too, asking what profit there is for them in increasing the cost of food in Great Britain and diminishing their own manufacturing industry.

The effect of the war upon American cotton goods in Mantchuria is not so easily predicted as President N. B. Borden of the Fall River Cotton Manufacturers' Association supposes. Japanese success, in his opinion, is to be the salvation of the cotton mills of this country. He argues that the great falling off in our exports of cotton goods to China in the last eighteen months was due to Russia's attempt in the early part of 1903 to close that market to us, and that our business is picking up there now that the Czar's troops are being driven out. Prior to April, 1903, he says, we exported about 36,000,000 yards a month to China—the larger part to Mantchuria—but by November, 1903, the sales were down to 1,000,000 yards. In July, 1904, they were 17,244,010 yards, against only 9,751,868 in 1903. Undoubtedly, heavy rebates on the Siberian railway and the use of American labels on Russian cottons handicapped our mills considerably last year, and so, unquestionably, has the disturbed state of the country done in 1904. But the real explanation of our decreased exports is to be found in high-priced goods. Not the Czar, but Mr. Sully, is to blame for our manufacturers' ills in China in the last year or more. One thing Americans have got to learn—the Chinaman is the last person in the world that can be crowded in the matter of prices. As regards the future, there is a strong belief that Japan's purpose is not to open up Mantchuria to American cotton goods, but to obtain an outlet for her own growing manufactures.

Black but convincing is the picture of the horrors of war that is presented in Prince Radziwill's account of conditions at Port Arthur: the envenomed antagonism on each side, the disregard of flags of truce or surrender, the heaps of decaying dead on the surrounding hills, the probability of a massacre of the Russians when the fortress is finally captured. This one description is a sufficient answer to the Roosevelt rodomontade about the enervating effects of peace, and the need of war to brace the physcial and moral fibre of a nation. It would be quite as sensible to argue—as some silly persons do—that a course of gluttony, drunkenness, and sensuality is needed to develop a man's physique and expand his higher mental and moral nature. Upon a nation a war has much the same effect as debauchery upon the individual: it throws the rein to all his basest and fiercest passions; it gluts the ape and tiger in his nature till they overmaster the atrophied man.

Writing after the sortie of the Russian fleet from Port Arthur, Capt. A. T. Mahan calls attention in the *National Review* to Admiral Togo's extreme care to preserve his battleships. Other critics have declared that no portion of the Russian fleet would have escaped if its opponents had been Anglo-Saxons. The only explanation of the Japanese failure to close in is that the Admiral dared not risk the loss of a single ship. As Capt. Mahan puts it, Japan does not yet feel that she has any margin of sea power to spare, and he adds: "What a justification of the [Russian] tenure of Port Arthur and the consequent harassment of the enemy's little navy!" He differs from those critics who have thought that Port Arthur lost its importance so far as the land campaign is concerned, as soon as the Japanese armies "contained" it and pushed on into Mantchuria. He thinks that the delay it has occasioned has been of the greatest consequence, and points out that the time occupied by the siege was quite sufficient to have enabled the Russians to send out a reinforcing fleet large enough to turn the scale. Capt. Mahan also thinks that Kuropatkin's policy of successful retreat has been the proper one (his paper was written before the disastrous battle at Liaoyang). He quotes Bonaparte as saying in 1797: "Though our military position was imposing, it must not be thought that we had everything in our hands. Had the enemy awaited me, I should have beaten him; but had he continued to fall back, continually augmenting his resources, the situation might have become embarrassing." The question in Mantchuria now is: Has Oyama crippled Kuropatkin sufficiently to make such a plan of effective withdrawal impossible?

Probably no man of our time was more thoroughly trained for greatness than the late Prince Herbert von Bismarck. He came into the diplomatic service before his thirtieth year, with the glamour of his three wounds at Mars-la-Tour. All the grades of the service were promptly opened to him, and he was equal to every promotion. At the time of the elder Bismarck's forced resignation, the son was Minister of State, and had in every sense served up to the position. He was called back from a romantic elopement with the unhappy Princess Carolath with a severity usually applied only to wayward princes of the blood, and the tardiness of his subsequent marriage was unquestionably indicative of the personal sacrifice he had made to his father's ambitions. In fact, there are few cases where the son of a great statesman has been at once so rigidly and wisely trained for administration and so carefully safeguarded against all temporary swerving from one ideal. And Herbert von Bismarck's abilities, though not of the first order, were of a kind to justify his father's pains. It was fortunate, perhaps, that, declining to accept the eclipse of his name with his father's fortunes, he sought a seat in the Reichstag, and for twelve years played with astuteness and often with eloquence the part of candid friend to the Government that had dismissed his father and himself. A life like his does much to rebut that charge of degeneracy so frequently made against the sons of geniuses. Had he stuck to the army, he might have won a still higher position.

Since the future of Italy is largely bound up in the House of Savoy, there will be general rejoicing at the birth of an heir to King Victor Emmanuel III. and Queen Helena. The tiny crown prince is to take the name and title of his grandfather, Humbert, who, before he became King, was Prince of Piedmont. That title recalls the glories of the *Risorgimento*, and happily is noncontentious. Victor Emmanuel III.'s designation as Prince of Naples was always offensive to Garibaldians, who remembered how Naples was won from the Bourbons; and the style of Prince of Rome would raise the Papal question at a time when the Pope has been showing a conciliatory disposition. The new prince may live to see the working out of many movements now confused. Socialism is yet to be tried in Italy; it might conceivably take a republican as well as anti-dynastic form. Before long the faithful Romanists, now kept out of political life by the *non expedit*, will begin to play their part in the state, forming, very likely, a stalwart element of the now sadly broken conservative party. These and other possibilities await the infant who comes acclaimed by a nation and recalling in his name the mountain origins and military glories of his race.

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THE FACTS ABOUT THE PENSION ORDER.

Report No. 1 of the Constitution Club, published on Thursday, deals with the charge that President Roosevelt's pension order of March 15, 1904, was an unconstitutional exercise of power. The conclusion at which this body of eminent lawyers arrives is that the order was, in effect, legislation by executive usurpation. It was tantamount to taking anywhere from $5,000,000 to $12,000,000 a year from the Treasury without warrant of law, and handing it over to applicants for pensions. After a careful examination of the law and the facts, taking into consideration every explanation or defence which has been offered, the Constitution Club's verdict is: "We conclude that the order was unconstitutional, lawless, and most reprehensible."

A wider inspection of the facts than is offered in this condensed report will certainly not deter candid minds from agreeing with its conclusion. This thing was not done in a corner. The President's motives were well understood. Earlier in the session of Congress friendly dispatches had represented him as being ready to accept the act for a service pension, for which so great pressure had been exerted. But the party managers feared that such a largess would not look well with an election coming. Yet something had to be done. A bill was pending in Congress which proposed a compromise. It read as follows:

> "That every officer or enlisted man in the army or navy of the United States coming within the provisions of the second section of the act of June 27, 1890, as amended by the act of May 9, 1900, who is or may become sixty-two years of age, shall be pensioned under said acts at $6 per month, and every one who is or may become sixty-five years of age shall be pensioned at $8 per month; those who are or who may become sixty-eight years of age shall be pensioned at $10 per month; and those who are or who may become seventy years of age shall be pensioned at $12 per month."

But it was found that this measure could not pass. That is, the end could not be attained through the law-making body. Whereupon, the President arrogated law-making powers to himself, took his pen, and sat down quickly and wrote:

> "Ordered, (1) In the adjudication of pension claims under said act of June 27, 1890, as amended, it shall be taken and considered as an evidential fact, if the contrary does not appear, and if all other legal requirements are properly met, that, *when a claimant has passed the age of sixty-two years he is disabled* one-half in ability to perform manual labor, and is entitled to be rated at $6 per month; after sixty-five years, at $8 per month; after sixty-eight years, at $10 per month; and after seventy years, at $12 per month."

In other words, the President proceeded to enact in precise terms a law which Congress had declined to enact!

The exact illegality of his order lies in its arbitrarily creating a presumption of fact which the pension law did not create, and which he had no authority to create, and in changing the burden of proof. The law said that there should be a pension for disability when "due proof" of disability had been made. Mr. Roosevelt steps in and says that attaining the age of sixty-two years shall be due proof. He got that out of his own head, not out of the law. But, say his apologists (he does not say it himself), it is simply a "rebuttable" presumption of fact which he established. Proof that an applicant sixty-two years of age is *not* one-half disabled may be produced. Yes, but who is going to produce it? Certainly not the applicant. The burden of proof formerly rested upon him. It was removed by the Roosevelt order and placed upon the Government. What that will mean in actual practice may fairly be inferred from what has taken place in the Pension Office before. For seven years, under an order of President McKinley, it has been held that the age of sixty-five was presumptive evidence of being one-half disabled. That was exactly the kind of "rebuttable" presumption of fact that is now alleged in President Roosevelt's defence. But what was the practice? The Commissioner of Pensions made a sweeping ruling that "a claimant for pension . . . who has attained the age of sixty-five years shall be *entitled* to at least the minimum rate of pension." No more talk of rebuttal! The general rule was established; and so it will be now, undoubtedly, with the Roosevelt order making sixty-two the proof of being one-half disabled. No wonder that professional old soldiers like Private Dalzell hailed the President's ruling as being "quite equivalent to the passage of the service-pension bill, concerning which there has been so much lying to us."

That the order was a radical change of the existing law was confessed by the House Republicans when the Democrats, proposing to make the thing legal, offered it as an amendment to the Pension act. Instantly Mr. Hemenway, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, made the point of order that it was "new legislation"—in other words, was a "change of existing law." After much squirming, when the Republicans found how they had been tricked into declaring the President's order an act of legislation, the chairman of the Committee of the Whole sustained the point of order, though he tried to make out that the possibility of "rebuttal" made the Presidential order different from the amendment. But we have seen that a "rebuttable" presumption in pension matters really means one that is never rebutted.

Another stretch of power in the order is the clause declaring that it shall not be "retroactive." But if it is only a proper interpretation of the law, why should it not avail all claimants under the law from the beginning? Congressman Williams put the point sharply:

> "How can a construction of the law of 1890, if it is a proper construction, if it is not an executive decree, if it is not an executive usurpation, if it is not executive-made law—how can it 'take effect' for the first time on April 13, 1904, and 'not be deemed retroactive?'
>
> "How can a proper construction of a law passed in 1890 have decreed about it by an executive officer of this Government that it shall not date back to the time of its passage?"

Private Dalzell will not listen to the nonsense about the order not being retroactive. "If it is the law now, it was the law in June, 1890. . . . I estimate there are at least 300,000 veterans who now may go on the rolls by virtue of this decision."

Over and above all questions of legality, President Roosevelt's order was an obvious electioneering move. He seeks to shelter himself, as so many times before, under the mighty shadow of Mr. Cleveland's name, referring to a technically similar but practically very different pension order of his, and also to one of President McKinley's. But the dates are significant. Mr. Cleveland's order was issued in 1893, and McKinley's in 1897—that is, *three years* instead of seven months before an election. Roosevelt's order was nothing but a bit of campaign strategy. The Grand Army was threatening. Not content with having forced Roosevelt to throw Commissioner Evans to the pension wolves, it insisted upon further proof of anxiety for the soldier vote. The pension order was the result. A bold act of executive usurpation, it was besides an open bid for votes, on terms and by means that a scrupulous and inflexible President would have scorned.

GRAFT, RETAIL AND WHOLESALE.

Graft is the pertinent topic which Representative Robert Baker of Brooklyn discusses in the September issue of the *Arena*. He plainly thinks that his exemplary behavior in returning railway passes entitles him to speak with both authority and feeling. The article, though interesting, loses in force because Mr. Baker spreads himself thin over a large area. He denounces the various forms of graft to which office-holders and Government contractors are addicted; he passes swift and severe judgment upon the private citizen who tries to "work" the Government—Federal, State, or Municipal—for special favors; he is equally emphatic in his condemnation of corporations—say, railway and express companies—which, by offering secret rates to pet customers, grant them an advantage over rivals; and he makes havoc of those who water stock and promote swindling enterprises. He has his fling at so many different kinds of rascality, and mixes them up so impartially, that the reader carries away a rather confused impression that the

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year 1904 is, as South described the year 1660, "the grand epoch of falsehood as well as debauchery."

It is, however, worth while to detach from his general indictment of the age in which he lives some of his more significant charges against the corrupters of government. These villains fall into two classes: the plain, vulgar thieves, who evade or break the laws; and the schemers who buy, directly or indirectly, special legislation under shelter of which they fatten. In the first class are the men, like August W. Machen and George W. Beavers, who have been defrauding the Postal Department. Their operations have more than once been described in our columns; and in the last issue of *McClure's* William Allen White has, in a much-debated article, reviewed their whole career of crime. Although honest people cannot hold two opinions about their conduct, Mr. White says quite bluntly, "Official Washington knew their power and presumed they were stealing, and official Washington honored them"; for "the man who is making 'easy money' off the Government is looked up to with a kind of envious respect." In this cynical opinion of the official conscience Congressman Baker concurs, for he regards the postal revelations as the mere little surface outcropping of a rich and inexhaustible vein.

This fact, indeed, may explain why the Republicans, fearful of an appalling disclosure of knavery, succeeded in staving off a general round-up of the rogues. Senator Lodge held off the hounds by pompously promising a full investigation "in our own time and our own way"; but his own time turns out to be never. On the floor of the House and in responsible public prints the charge was openly made that the railway mail service was rotten from top to bottom; and yet the Republicans dared not put in the probe. Mr. Baker very properly, then, returns to the attack upon "those greater criminals who, through collusion with higher officials and party chiefs, have taken from the Treasury millions every year in excessive mail-transportation payments." He adds the specification that "six millions are appropriated for rental of mail-cars at a cost equal to the original cost of the car, many being over twenty years old." In this accusation Mr. Baker, the Democrat, is heartily backed by William Allen White, Republican and ardent eulogist of President Rooseveit:

> "Railroad officials, who connive with Congressmen to carry tons of franked Congressional mail up and down their railroads during weighing time, to increase the bills against the Government, get restless when a man so powerful as August W. Machen has a penitentiary sentence in front of him and thirteen untried indictments behind him."

This uneasiness, however, has been groundless, for the Republicans refused to prise up the lid that conceals these iniquities. Mr. Roosevelt, the dauntless and resolute hunter of rascals, tamely acquiesced in the party programme of smothering the facts, and did not even make such an investigation as lay in the power of the Administration, independent of Congress. For what he did in bringing wrong-doers to justice he deserves praise; but more than one admirer of his quenchless energy is puzzled to know why his hand was stayed, why it never struck those "higher officials and party chiefs."

At the head of those who procure laws under which they may plunder with comparative safety, are the public-service corporations and the beneficiaries of the tariff. In regard to the corporations, Mr. Baker makes the sweeping statement: "There is not a clean page in their whole history; it has been one of long-continued, persistent bribery." When one recalls the scandals in regard to street railways, electric lighting, gas, and water companies that have blackened the annals of municipal and State legislatures in New York and every other commonwealth in this country, one must admit that Mr. Baker's arraignment has only too much support in fact. In this dirty business both parties are equally guilty; both Republicans and Democrats have been equally eager for a share of the loot. In New York, Croker and Platt, the Tammany tough and the moral rural Republican, have conspired to pillage the people. Neither the pot nor the kettle can call names.

The Republicans, however, must bear the odium of the tariff. They have framed the schedules; they have "fried the fat"; they have taken pay for legislation in campaign funds, and have defiantly asserted that this legalized robbery of the many for the benefit of the few is the bulwark of national prosperity. Never was there a more glaring falsehood. It would be as sane to declare that defalcation is the basic principle of sound banking, cheating the life of trade, hypocrisy the soul of religion, adultery the binding cement of wholesome family life.

The tariff grafting is a wholesale operation, compared with which the peculations of a few hundred thousand dollars in the Postal Department are mere petty larceny. The poison of that "Protection" which filches from millions for the sake of enriching the chosen thousands runs through all the arteries of state, and breaks out in our reckless and venal extravagance. The contagion of corruption spreads from the senatorial advocate of special interests down to the humblest ward-worker and district captain in the obscurest corner of the country. Through men like Gorman it infects and destroys even the sound tissue of the Opposition. For this reason, then, the Democratic party, if true to its mission, must wage now and in the days to come an uncompromising and relentless war for tariff reform. The leaders must organize a campaign of education, must gather and compact into a fighting army all who hold as the cardinal article of their political creed that saying of John Bright's, "There is nothing in public affairs that tends more to make men dishonest than the system of Protection. It was so in this country before our free-trade era; it is so now in the United States."

A TWO-WORLD EXHIBITION OF PAINTING.

A number of American collectors have fallen upon the singularly happy idea of exhibiting side by side a hundred of the best American with a hundred of the best European pictures. For this purpose an association has been formed, including a remarkable list of patrons of art; the Fine Arts building at Fifty-seventh Street has been hired for the late fall and early winter; and a provisional list of nineteenth-century masterpieces has been made. Living artists will not be excluded, though naturally those whose fame is generally admitted will be most fully represented. Certain limitations are imposed also by the nature of the material and by the prudence of the committee. Obviously, no comparison of mural painting is possible; portraits as such are excluded. The show, then, will consist chiefly of landscapes and marines—the most characteristic product of the century just past, with figure pieces in a subordinate position. Within these limits Chairman John Harsen Rhoades, and Mr. William T. Evans—whose part has been as prominent in the invention of the idea as it will be in its execution—and their associates mean to hang only the best examples that may be had. And such may easily be got without going beyond the galleries of the gentlemen immediately interested in the project.

It is no new thing, of course, for American paintings to be hung with fine European pictures. The Salons and the British societies; the International Exhibitions of Munich, Venice, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh; even the current exhibitions of the dealers and, too rarely, the walls of our private houses have accustomed us to pass rapidly from the art of the New to that of the Old World. But it is fair to say that the comparison will never have been so complete and so insistent as it must be in this exhibition of two hundred masterpieces. We do not know the plans of the committee in detail, but the imagination readily supplies happy juxtapositions. Fancy the choicest of Winslow Homer's marines, for example, alternated with the best of Courbet, and, for the sake of contrast, one of Monet's finest studies of moving water. Think what combinations could be wrought about Inness, following him chronologically, by se-

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lections from Français, Harpignies, Daubigny, and Rousseau. Between the Homer Martins would naturally be interpolated the tonalists, Corot, Cazin, with Sisley perhaps at the end. Wyant at one end of his career might fairly challenge comparison with Michel; at the other, with the landscapes of Millet. Preëstablished harmonies would be found between Mr. La Farge and Delacroix and Watts. Mr. Tryon's delicate art would call for a variety of gallery mates, of which William Maris, Chavannes in landscape, seem prescribed, while Millet's "The Sheepfold," in Mr. Henry Walters's collection at Baltimore, could hang only beside one of Mr. Tryon's later versions of moonlit landscape.

Already the intention of this novel exhibition will be apparent. Based in part upon a patriotic pride in American art, it waives the provincialism that usually goes with such confidence. For there is humility as well as pride in the attempt to measure a national art by international standards. The gentleman who hangs his favorite Inness beside a superb Rousseau accepts a hazardous comparison by which his picture must stand or fall. And, in fact, this exhibition, which cannot fail to afford pleasure to the most casual art-lover, is really significant, because it will furnish compactly the data for a just estimate of American painting. If, as most of the European critics reiterate unfeelingly, our painting is merely a clever reflection of the schools of Paris, that fact cannot fail to be demonstrated when the alleged originals are in sight. If, as is rather foolishly maintained (it seems to us), we enjoy a technical superiority over the Old World, combined with inferiority of substance, that indictment will be fully proved. If, on the other hand, there has been and is a specific American quality in men as different, say, as George Fuller and Mr. Blashfield, we shall learn wherein this vaguely divined Americanism consists. If it be true, as the youngest of our painters maintain with no little energy, that all the artists born before the seventies have suffered from congenital anæmia, why, the symptoms of this malady will surely be recognized in the presence of the most robust work of the French, Belgian, and Dutch schools.

These and other considerations combine to make the two-world exhibition a very important event. It cannot fail to bring about a juster, we believe, a higher, appreciation of American art; it may very likely modify its future course, for the lessons of such a comparative show are of a kind to which self-flattery itself can hardly turn a deaf ear. Finally, since the affair is wholly in the hands of laymen, it will give our artists a chance to see themselves as others—in this case, very competent judges—see them. The money proceeds of the exhibition will go to the Orthopedic Hospital.

RESEARCH COURSES AT OXFORD.

A volunteer committee of Oxford professors and fellows has issued unofficially a pamphlet entitled 'Oxford University: Programme of Special Studies for the Academical Year 1904-5, together with some account of opportunities for special work or research existing in the University' (The Clarendon Press). This publication shows at least a hospitable sentiment towards research; it is an expression of that liberal tendency which established the honor courses in modern literature, and relaxed somewhat the stringent requirements for foreign candidates for the bachelor's degree. The list of higher courses presented is in some respects remarkable for its richness; in others, no less surprising for inequality and lack of coördination. Oxford still lacks what a German, French, Scandinavian, or Italian university would regard as a reasonably equipped faculty of philosophy. On the other hand, it offers extraordinary facilities in many departments for those maturer students to whom this pamphlet is an overture.

At the outset it should be said that, unlike most modern universities, nothing like a curriculum is planned. Indeed, no higher degrees are offered in course—for the Oxford B.Sc. and B.Litt. hardly deserve that rating. Except for the very scanty provision of university lectures and exercises, the "special courses" are simply those which are thrown open as a matter of courtesy and public spirit by learned members of the several colleges. There is, however, a frequent proffer of "supervision," the value of which only those who have experienced the habitual generosity of Oxford scholarship can adequately appreciate. The formal machinery of research is mostly lacking; the word seminar occurs just once (in the Geographical Department), and presumably the thing is rare also. Evidently, Oxford not only is not a degree shop, but it is not a place to which a hopeful bachelor could honestly be advised to go on the chance of developing a vocation on the spot. There is no process by which all sorts and conditions of graduates may be signed, sealed, and delivered as contributors to the sum of human knowledge.

Probably there will be no disposition to press such a consummation. Oxford, although she lacks the inspiration of a striving band of *doctorandi*, has no mean substitute in her resident fellows and in the best of the aspirants for honors. Though there is little or no forced research on the Isis, there is no stagnation either in a community including, among those who come first to mind Professors Schiller and Caird, in philosophy; Robinson Ellis in Latin; Principal Moore in Dante; Sweet and Napier in English philology; Cheyne and Driver in Semitics; J. Rhys in Celtic languages; Sayce in Assyriology—not to go beyond the faculty of philosophy and letters. But here the great discrepancy between the departments should be noted. In philosophy more than forty courses are open—an embarrassment of choice. You may study the early books of Aristotle's Ethics under any one of three dons; Bacon or Kant, with an alternative of instructors; logic in from one to half a dozen courses. Such a prospect is not for the untutored seeker after the minimum of metaphysics that will absolve a degree; to find one's own among the Oxford philosophers one should be a very gourmet of ethics. In line with Oxford tradition, there is a similar though smaller display of courses in the classical languages and in history, while, generally speaking, the natural sciences offer comparatively a small showing of opportunities. One notes, in contrast to the general literary tendency of the lectures on the classics, a perhaps excessively philological leaning in the teaching of modern languages, which suggests that the honors course in this subject is not really naturalized, and hints that Mr. Churton Collins's rather vociferous criticism of this school was in part at least well grounded.

The scholars who thus advertise the facilities offered to advanced students at Oxford are frank enough to say that these seekers after knowledge must be able to find their own way about. This is easily to be inferred from the advice that, "generally speaking, paper work [in our academic jargon, seminary reports] . . . takes the form of essays rather of set pieces of work." This is fair warning that the Oxford professors do not supply leading-strings for infant investigators who do not yet know their own minds.

On the whole, the invitation of the University is offered chiefly to advanced students. Only those who have themselves and their purposes of investigation reasonably well in hand are likely to profit by graduate study at Oxford. Such students will meet with the most unaffected cordiality, in both academic and personal relations. They will be treated rather as younger colleagues than as pupils. It is possible that Oxford must, with the other universities, move on towards the regimentation of all studies; but for a time one would be glad to see her gradually drawing in an élite of young investigators, and settling her freer methods against the increasing formalism of the other great schools. It may not be superfluous to add that, while there is a very minimum of the snobbery of wealth at Oxford, the scale of living is higher than that of an American, and *à fortiori*, the Continental universities; nor is that

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economy which may be so tolerable and even amusing on the Spree or the Seine even comfortable on the Isis. The Oxford graduate student will fail to get the best out of his experience unless he is of the happy middle condition between poverty and riches.

PRUSSIAN OWNERSHIP OF COAL MINES.

The attempt of the Prussian Government to add another to its numerous coal mines has met with a severe check, if not with a final defeat. At a meeting of the stockholders of the great Hibernia mine, held at Düsseldorf, the Government's bid for the property was rejected by an overwhelming vote. With more than two-thirds of the stock represented, the Government and its ally, the Bank of Dresden, polled only two and a half millions, while their opponents voted shares valued at more than 29 millions of marks. Then, as if to make the Government reverse the more hopeless, a six and one-half million increase of the stock was decreed, very little of which will be allowed to find its way into the hands of those who favor Government ownership. Naturally, the opponents of the sale are jubilant. In their opinion the real desire of the Prussian Minister of Commerce and Industry, Herr Möller, is to acquire all the large coal mines in Rhenish Westphalia, the most important group in the entire kingdom.

Newspapers like the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, and individuals that favor nationalization, will not, however, accept the defeat as final. The above organ of the Agrarians declares that the Government will not be balked, and intimates that there are other and surer ways of accomplishing its end than by the purchase of a majority of the shares. By this it can mean only legislation against the Coal Trust or a condemnation of the mines, on the ground of the general welfare. It unhesitatingly avers that nationalization must come some day, and its opinion is of considerable importance because of the friendly relations of the Agrarians to the Government, as evidenced by the latter's readiness to sell coal to the farmers' associations at a lower rate than the Trust will give them. Even so liberal a newspaper as the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, perhaps the most weighty in Germany, which is certainly beyond all governmental influences, declines to believe that the stockholders' vote is final. A financial crisis or hard times might, it thinks, induce the owners of the Hibernia to part with their property, and on less favorable terms. It has heartily approved Herr Möller's plan.

From the American point of view, the most interesting phase of this situation lies in the announcement that the Government's action was based on fear of a dangerous private monopoly. This the semi-official *Politische Nachrichten* of Berlin very clearly intimates. The Government's original aim, as set forth in the inspired press, was to assure itself a sufficient supply of coal for its railroads and for military purposes, and also to become a member of the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate. As it investigated the situation, it found that the Trust's influence had grown very rapidly; that it had absorbed all the small mines which had hitherto acted as a check upon its operations; that it was supreme in its field, and meditated incursions into other and related industries. The Government then decided that the general welfare was a further and more cogent reason for its entering into competition with the syndicate. The decision is noteworthy, since this is the first time that the Government has admitted the danger of a monopoly of any industry.

It is not, of course, the first time that Prussia has taken a step towards State ownership. The control of railroads and telegraphs was assumed long ago, and it has owned coal mines in the Saar district and in upper Silesia for many years. Hitherto other considerations than a fear of the Trusts have guided such investments. As in this country, the great industrial combinations seem to be doing the work of State Socialism far better and far more rapidly than its avowed advocates ever dreamed. The coal strike of two years ago revealed to our public the practical monopoly of the Pennsylvania coal fields. As in monarchical Germany, the thought which then presented itself to many minds in this republic was Government ownership and control, even though we had no such excuse as the national ownership of railroads. In his letter of acceptance, President Roosevelt says that it was his interference which alone prevented the movement from becoming too "irresistible" for even his unchanging "principles."

Fortunately, in this country the working of statutory and economic laws has shown and will continue to show the needlessness of a plunge into Socialism. In Germany the possibility of a resort to legal control seems for the moment all but forgotten. Her editors see the State fighting the great combination of capital in Westphalia and coming out second best. They see ministers and chancellors taking orders from manufacturers or Agrarians in Landtag or Reichstag, and they ask, in despair, what is to be the fate of the consumer and the individual? They remember that the Government itself has helped into being the Coal and Steel Trusts which now terrify the very ministers who were the fairy godmothers when these infants were born, and praised them so highly but the other day, when they were growing to their full strength. Only the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and one or two others call for a revision of the laws bearing on coal mining. The rest of the press affects, like the Berlin *Tageblatt*, to believe that the decisive conflict between the State and the capitalistic forces has not yet begun, or urges the Government on to further attempts to obtain control not only of the Hibernia but of all private mines, in order to avenge its defeat and to prove that the final arbitrament rests with itself and not with the capitalists who defy it.

DANIEL WILLARD FISKE.

The life of Willard Fiske, who died very suddenly at Frankfort on September 18, was like a well-rounded sonnet in which the last line echoes the first. His most recent bibliographic labor was expended upon a work in two volumes, yet to appear, entitled 'Chess in Iceland and in Icelandic Literature, with Historical Notes on Other Table Games.' Even as a sophomore at Hamilton College, in the late forties, he resolved to forfeit the remainder of the course that he might go abroad and study the Scandinavian languages—in Copenhagen with Rafn, in Upsala for two years at the University, his true Alma Mater. From 1852 to 1859 he was assistant at the Astor Library in this city, and began making the Icelandic collection which is now possibly the largest and completest in the world. Meanwhile, in 1857, he took part in the tournament of the American Chess Congress in New York, and edited its 'Book.'

When his relations with the *Nation* first began (in 1874) he was still preoccupied with Icelandic, and not till some years later did he reveal his new interest in forming a Petrarch collection, ultimately to be, like the Icelandic, one of the foremost extant. Thereafter, the two passions were fostered together, and in his catholic library Heine's answering "Pine and Palm" was realized. In 1886 he was engaged upon a list of books printed in Iceland supplementary to Lidderdale's for the British Museum, and he contrived in the winter of 1888-9 to get out a second supplement. That winter was spent in Egypt, and he all but finished there a side task, an index to Spitta Bey's Modern Arabic Grammar. A new enterprise now fired his imagination and enlisted his liberal propaganda, namely, a Romanized alphabet for the development of the colloquial Egyptian. To this end he prepared a Primer and a postal gazetteer. In August, 1889, he wrote to us:

> "I am greatly interested in a new movement going on in Egypt—a movement which seems to me to give good hope of an extended Saracenic revival. It grows out of the anti-Darwinian difficulty at Beirut, some few years back. It now has at Cairo a monthly scientific organ (very like the *Popular Science Monthly*), a monthly literary organ (in which the doctors of the Moslem university of El-Azhur write articles which are printed side by side with those of Christian Arabs), and a daily, the largest and best printed in the Arabic tongue. In the editorial rooms of the scientific journal I saw a library of some 5,000 volumes, English, French, and German."

This was wholly characteristic of Mr. Fiske's ability to sympathize with his environment. It was exemplified again in his using an enforced stay in Switzerland in gathering up with great rapidity a unique

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collection of text-books and other works in the various Swiss dialects, which he then presented to Cornell University, as he also presented the great Dante collection raised with like promptitude.

The period following his connection with the Astor Library saw some fumbling for a settled vocation. In 1859-60 he was secretary of the American Geographical Society. In 1861-62 he was attached to the American Legation at Vienna, under Motley. Journalism in Syracuse and in Hartford occupied him from 1864 to 1868, when he was called to Cornell as professor of Northern European languages and University librarian. In 1879 he paid his first visit to Iceland, where he was well known and received a real ovation. In the following year he married Miss Jennie McGraw, the wealthy daughter of one of the chief pillars of Cornell, who unhappily was taken from him in the following year. Meanwhile, differences much to be regretted arose between himself and the Trustees of the University, and led to a suit involving the beneficent will of his wife, with such interruption of friendly relations that he definitively fixed his residence abroad, and transferred his two precious collections to Florence, Italy, at first occupying the late home of George P. Marsh, in the Villa Forini, Porta alla Croce, and afterwards purchasing the Villa Landor, once the haunt of Walter Savage Landor, and more or less authentically associated with the scene of the Decameron. Here he dispensed a lavish hospitality to Americans, English, Italians, persons of every nationality, resident or sojourning, and pursued his bibliographical work with a feverish industry, stimulated by his uncertain health. He was long a valetudinarian, and his death will not surprise his intimate acquaintance. After all, with too little care of his body, he surpassed the age of seventy, having been born at Ellisburg, Jefferson County, New York, on November 11, 1831.

Mr. Fiske's nature was essentially modest, simple, and trustful, ardent, persistent, generous—in his day of small things as in his prosperity; and his attachments were deep and lasting. Some of the closest of these were for ex-President Andrew D. White of Cornell, the late Charles Dudley Warner, the late Eugene Schuyler, the late Dean Sage, the late W. J. Stillman, and Prof. E. P. Evans, now of Munich. The imbroglio with Cornell was personal to the Trustees, and unmercenary; and, besides the gifts to the Library already enumerated, it is the common expectation that his Icelandic and Petrarchan collections will ultimately find their way to Ithaca. At that institution he was an active promoter of the chapter-house system for Greek-letter societies. Childless himself, he had a kindly drawing towards youth. Verse was an occasional solace, as a privately printed volume evidences. Mr. Fiske will be greatly missed, as he was much beloved.

THE *REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM* OF PARTY GOVERNMENT.

LONDON, September 3, 1904.

The main object of party government, as it exists in England, is to ensure that the country shall be governed by the statesmen who command the confidence, and in accordance with the policy which has gained the deliberate assent, of the electors, or (to use a received though inaccurate expression) of the "nation." My purpose in this letter is, first, to point out that at the present moment our English party system fails, or is likely to fail, in the attainment of its main object, and next to show that this failure arises mainly from permanent causes, the existence whereof shakes one's faith in the whole party system.

(1.) The system has at this moment broken down, or, at best, is on the point of a breakdown.

Consider, for a moment, the position of a free-trade Unionist—that is, of a man who is both a strenuous opponent of home rule and a believer in free trade. Such a person—and there are thousands of such Englishmen—is in a difficult position. The Ministry, indeed, and its supporters, guided nominally by Mr. Balfour, but deeply influenced by Mr. Chamberlain, are strong Unionists; but then they are also for the most part protectionists. The Opposition, led nominally at any rate by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, consists of men who are free traders, but are certainly not Unionists and will assuredly not carry out the policy of Unionism. At every election our free-trade Unionist is, then, placed between the horns of this dilemma: if he votes for an Opposition candidate he imperils Unionism; if he votes for an adherent of the Ministry he imperils free trade.

What makes the difficulties of a Liberal Unionist worth consideration is that, owing to a peculiar combination of circumstances, the nation stands, or is likely to stand, in the same position as that occupied by every free-trade Unionist. The majority of the electors have, it is certain, not forsaken the policy of maintaining the Union with Ireland. It is in the highest degree probable that they still adhere to the principles of free trade, at any rate as regards any taxation which threatens to raise the price of corn. But if this be anything like a true account of the actual situation, how can it be hoped that, at the next general election, the will of the nation will obtain recognition? If ministers obtain a majority, the maintenance of the Union will, one may hope, be secured, but encouragement will assuredly be given to the policy of protection; if the Opposition should be victorious, the attack on free trade will be repelled, the maintenance of the Union with Ireland will become a matter of extreme difficulty, the promotion of a really Unionist policy will be all but an impossibility. No one seriously believes that if Mr. Morley becomes again Irish secretary, the so-called Crimes Act will, if the necessity arise, be used for the maintenance of law and order. If, then, the object of party government is to give expression in Parliament to the will of the nation, the party system is at this very moment—to state the matter in the most moderate terms—on the point of breaking down.

(2.) This breakdown, or collapse, is due not to merely transitory circumstances, but to permanent causes.

This assertion will be denied by many Englishmen far better acquainted than myself with the details of public life. The prime minister's position and his intellectual peculiarities, Mr. Chamberlain's conversion to the doctrines of protection, the tardy action of the Duke of Devonshire—the conduct, in short, of individual statesmen—are, it will be argued, the accidents which have produced the present political situation, nor can any sane man doubt that the interests, the prejudices, and the peculiarities of politicians do tell for a great deal in public life; but the course of large movements is, we may feel sure, governed in the long run by general causes. If Gladstone had permanently retired from public life in 1874, we might not have witnessed in 1886 the startling transformation of English Liberals into home rulers; but an outsider who looks back over the events of the last eighteen or twenty years, must feel sure that, sooner or later, some English statesman would have perceived the party advantages and have convinced himself of the public benefit to be derived from an alliance between some English party and the Irish Nationalists. It is more than possible that, if Mr. Chamberlain had never become secretary of state for the colonies, English elections might not at the present moment be determined by the belief or disbelief of the voters in so-called fiscal reform. But any student who, having noted the course of opinion during the last thirty years, has traced the gradual decline of the old faith in *laissez-faire*, and has realized the close affinity between Socialism and protection, will hardly doubt that, by this time, some leading statesman would have pressed upon the country the revival of a protective policy. However this may be, it will be found that the proper working of the party system depends on certain conditions or assumptions, and that the breakdown of that system is due in great part to the failure of these conditions.

Among these necessary conditions the most essential are the existence of two, and if possible not more than two, parties, each of which holds a definite and opposed political faith, and a faith wide enough to cover all the main fields of national policy; the support by the nation—or, to use a current expression, by public opinion—of one or other of these creeds; the maintenance of a tacit understanding that the two parties which divide the country are each of them prepared to acquiesce and bow to the final decision of the nation, and are at any rate loyal to the fundamental institutions of the country. Though the existence of these among other conditions is always assumed by the apologists for the party system, the assumption is never more than approximately true. No party is at any time provided with a completely coherent creed. It is never true that there is complete agreement between the whole, even of the leaders, of a given party. Praed's lines:

> "I think that some men loathe the schemes their dearest friends are planning,
> That Mr. Hume hates Mr. Brougham much more than Mr. Canning,"

are still remembered after more than seventy years from the time when they were written, because satire aimed at the politicians of 1830 or 1832 applies in its essence to English politicians of every generation.

It is never, again, the case that public opinion supports any party with anything like absolute unanimity. Public opinion is itself to a certain extent a political fiction. On many matters, and those matters of importance, the public have often no opinion at all, and on others opinion may be hopelessly divided. Nor can we ever assert

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that all persons interested in politics are prepared loyally to obey the will of the majority. Among partisans there will always be found fanatics who are virtually revolutionists, and are prepared in one shape or another to disobey or defy laws which do not meet with their approval. The assumption, however, that the conditions needed for the fair working of the party system are in existence, is at times substantially true. Between 1830 and 1850, for example, or even we may say till 1868, Tories and Whigs, or Conservatives and Liberals, were divided from each other, speaking broadly, on the definite issue, whether it was or was not expedient to withstand the progress of democracy. And this difference told in one form or another upon the answer to every question which affected national policy. There existed two distinct political creeds, to either of which a man could honestly and consistently adhere. Between 1867 and 1885 both parties promoted or acquiesced in the establishment of household suffrage. Resistance to democratic government came to an end, the Tory democrat made his appearance, the whole aspect of English politics underwent a change. This change, be it added, coincided with a much wider though less noticed revolution. Faith in *laissez-faire*, great and substantial as have been its triumphs, began to suffer an eclipse, and the decline in the power of Benthamite Liberalism was of necessity an advance towards Socialism. The definite old political creeds had vanished, though their disappearance was for a long time concealed by the maintenance of all party names and formulas. Does any one who looks at facts and not at names believe that among the so-called Tories or the so-called Liberals of to-day there is to be found the kind of definite political faith needed for the working of party government? The current political terms of the day—Unionism, Fiscal Reform, Disestablishment, Imperialism, Passive Resistance, the Labor Party, and a lot more of similar expressions—bear witness to the real state of facts.

The political world is cut through and through by cross-divisions. A man may be a democrat and a protectionist, he may be an imperialist and a free trader, he may equally well be an imperialist and a protectionist, or, while the most ardent advocate of freedom of trade, may be opposed to freedom of every other kind, and the fervent defender of everything tending to exalt the influence of the Church or the clergy. And cross-divisions of this kind are not peculiar to men actively engaged in public life; they exist as much among the electors as among the members of Parliament by whom the electors are represented. Nor does it seem at all likely that a definite political creed which one party upholds and another assails as a whole, admits of reëstablishment. The spread of education among the masses of the people, the diversified interests of modern life, and the complication of modern civilization all oppose the formation, either among politicians or among the public, of coherent and systematic creeds the dogmas of which may apply to all the main concerns of the nation. The inconsistencies of public men represent at bottom nothing else than the fluctuation or uncertainty of public opinion.

But the necessary disappearance of true party creeds has more than one result. Parties, in the first place, turn into factions; small bodies, in the second place, who pursue with genuine enthusiasm some single object, attain exaggerated and therefore dangerous, influence; and thus temperance reformers, home rulers, trade-unionists, clerical zealots, passive-resisters, or anti-vaccinationists, obtain a power to which they have no legitimate right. The despotism of the minority becomes at least as real and certainly as pressing a danger as the tyranny of the majority. The tacit understanding, in the last place, that every party shall bow to the will of the nation and must be loyal to the fundamental institutions of the country, ceases to command respect. This is a matter which admits of ample illustration; but here let me content myself with a mere reference to the development during the last thirty years of parliamentary obstruction. Such obstruction is at bottom nothing less than moral rebellion against the authority of the nation, but it bids fair to become a recognized weapon of parliamentary warfare, and a weapon, let it be added, of which the members of every party will, as suits the interests of partisanship, in turn denounce and applaud the employment.

If the party system in England has at this moment broken down, and fails to secure that supremacy of the nation which it is intended to promote, and if this breakdown is due not to the accidents of to-day, but to permanent causes, we have before us something very like the *reductio ad absurdum* of party government. AN OBSERVER.

THE PRINCESS DES URSINS.

PARIS, September 1, 1904.

The present Duke de la Trémoille has made very important contributions to historical science. He has published, at his own expense, several collections of letters taken from his very rich archives, and the Academy of Inscriptions and Fine Arts has very justly given him the title of *Académicien libre*. His latest publication consists of four beautiful octavo volumes, containing the correspondence of the famous Princess des Ursins, who was born La Trémoille. The Duke de la Trémoille seems always to have avoided publicity with as much care as others look for it; his books are given by him to his personal friends and to great libraries; they are printed with so much luxury that they could hardly find many purchasers in the shops. The four volumes of the Correspondence of Madame des Ursins have been printed at Nantes, at the printing-office of Émile Grimaud, and do great honor to this provincial printer.

Anne-Marie de la Trémoille-Noirmoustier had a very romantic life. She was married first in 1659 to Adrien Blaise de Talleyrand, who was called the Prince de Chalais and had to leave Paris after a famous duel in 1666. He fled to Périgord, to Spain, and afterwards to Italy. On the point of taking service with the republic of Venice, he died in 1670. His wife was at the time in Rome; she had many friends there, among others the Duke de Bracciano, of the house of Orsini, who married her in 1675.

"The new spouse," says Saint-Simon, in his inedited works (*Duchés Esteints*), "was handsome and young, and not unaware of it. She was in every way grace itself. Nobility; politeness, which charmed even more by its measure; a peculiarity of speech still natural and fluent; an involuntary eloquence which was touching; and especially an insinuating manner against which there was no defence; an infinite wit, and a mind superior enough to allow it in others and not to make show of her own; a rare talent for adapting herself to others—all was flowers and perfume with her; all attracted people to her with more grace even of mind than of body," etc., etc.

Saint-Simon continues thus with that extraordinary and untranslatable abundance which is characteristic of him, and which is at times almost overwhelming.

The Duchess of Bracciano spent several years in Rome, where she kept a little court. She was not on very good terms with her husband, and went to France without him. She lived there more at Paris than at Versailles. Madame de Maintenon was afraid of her beauty and of the influence she might gain over the King by her great intelligence and her wit. She refused to become a *dame d'honneur* to the Duchess de Chartres, afterwards Duchess d'Orléans, and in consequence lived more and more away from the court. Her income was diminishing, her husband was getting old, and she returned to Italy. The Duke of Bracciano died soon afterwards, leaving her nothing but debts. She sold the Duchy of Bracciano to a nephew of the Pope, and changed her name to that of Princess des Ursins, which she always bore afterwards and under which she is known to history. During her journeys she had become acquainted in Turin with the two Duchesses of Savoy and the Duke. Soon after the death of the Duke of Bracciano arose the question of the marriage of the King of Spain. The King of France and M. de Savoie (as the Duke was commonly called in France) had to choose a *camarera mayor*.

"They needed one," says Saint-Simon, "with talent to form the young Princess, who was only thirteen years old, without making her disgusted with her manners and still less the King of Spain; who would know how to amuse them and to unite them closer, who would be well inclined towards France, on whom our court could count, and who would follow its directions. She was also to be agreeable to the Court of Turin, so as to win over the Princess, and, above all, it was important that she would not be disagreeable to the Spaniards. No Spanish lady could fill the principal of these conditions; a Frenchwoman would have revolted the Spaniards; the Court of Turin proposed the Princess des Ursins, who was quit of a husband, and who alone combined all that could be desired. Madame de Maintenon found it so more than anybody, for it delivered her forever from a rival at court. The affair was soon settled, and Madame des Ursins, who could no longer live in Rome in the style to which she was accustomed, fond of power, saw the skies open and had not long to wait."

The Princess conducted the young Princess of Savoy to Catalonia, where, on the 2d of November, 1701, the nuptial ceremony took place at Figueira. The King and his wife spent the winter in Barcelona; in the spring the King left for Naples, and conducted the campaign in Lombardy, the Queen meanwhile remaining in Madrid with the title of Regent. The real power belonged to the Archbishop of Toledo. Madame des Ursins employed her time in developing the faculties of the young Queen. She carried on a regular correspondence with Madame de Maintenon, who, on her part, saw constantly the Duchess de Bourgogne, sister of the Queen of Spain. Madame des Ursins and Madame de Mainte-

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non together had in their hands all the threads of affairs in the two countries.

Philip V., the King, was only too much disposed to be inspired by trusty advisers. Madame des Ursins persuaded Madame de Maintenon that she was herself mostly her mouthpiece and her instrument. The Queen was very intelligent and agreeable; she liked Madame des Ursins, and the King was more and more attached to his wife. Madame de Maintenon was perfectly satisfied, and counted on governing Spain through the agency of Madame des Ursins, "with the same power," says Saint-Simon, "and the same artifices which she used in France, where she never seemed to the King to meddle with anything, but where, in fact, she made him choose or dismiss whomever she liked; where she made the ministers do anything she pleased; where she seemed indifferent to what she really wished, and what the King often himself proposed; and where she turned out the ministers who wanted to shake off this dependency."

Madame des Ursins could not have found a better model. She had one advantage over Madame de Maintenon, namely, the affection she inspired in the young Queen, and the affection which the King felt for his wife; but her favor depended entirely upon the Queen, and, losing her, she would lose everything, in a country which has always shown itself very impatient of the power of a foreign favorite.

The correspondence of the first years opens with Madame des Ursins's entrance upon her functions at the Court of Spain. "How much cleverness," says the Duke de la Trémoille, "she shows in order to ingratiate herself in the mind of the King and to attain power! Homage, praise, outbursts of enthusiasm glorifying the acts of the master—with what infinite art all this was said! The talent developed by Madame des Ursins in the service of her ambition could not be surpassed." Volume one begins with a letter from the Duchess of Bracciano to the Count de Maurepas, Secretary of State (Paris, January 28), and ends with a letter from the Princess des Ursins to the Duke de Noailles (Barcelona, December 6, 1701). Immediately before the latter we find one to Louis XIV., written also from Barcelona (November 27, 1701). It reads thus:

"SIRE: I have not yet given myself the honor to thank your Majesty for the employment which your Majesty has confided to me. I did not know where I was going, and I trembled on seeing myself destined to serve a King and a Queen whom I did not know. Now, Sire, that I find myself almost equally honored by the confidence of both, that I perceive that their Majesties think only of my pleasure, and that it seems to me that these peoples consider you as the protector of their monarchy—having lost my fear, I feel your kindness in full force, and I take the liberty to offer a thousand humble thanks to your Majesty. I believe, Sire, that I can announce to you that henceforward the Queen, entirely occupied with what may make her beloved by the King and by his subjects, will thoroughly discharge her duties. . . . I will use all care in fortifying these sentiments. I will also do all that is possible in order that the King, leaving each thing in its place, may give his affection to the Queen and remain master of his authority."

This programme, written in the purest style of the *grand siècle* (a century, it has been said, in which all women wrote to perfection), shows very clearly what was the character of Madame des Ursins's function. She was to be the real Ambassador of France; the real inspirer of the Spanish policy.

In this first volume of the beautiful publication of the Duke de la Trémoille, the only one with which I shall deal at present, are many interesting letters. The reader is carried only to the time when Madame des Ursins's favor was established. How this favor ended and what treatment she received at the hands of the King of Spain's second wife, Elisabeth Farnese, is well known to all the readers of Saint-Simon. All the incidents of her departure from Spain, of the cold reception she received, on her return, from the King and from Madame de Maintenon, were fit subjects for the pen of the terrible witness who has given us the most vivid account of everything that fell under his eyes or came to his knowledge in the reign of Louis XIV. Saint-Simon condensed in his inedited 'Duchés Esteints' all that concerns Madame des Ursins, and which can be found in the Memoirs only in chronological fragments; and the Duke de la Trémoille was happily inspired in giving as the preface to his beautiful work this condensed life of the Princess. We find in it all the anecdotes which lend so much life to the Memoirs, and the strange personality of the Princess appears more complete and more lifelike. She was, on the whole, a most remarkable woman. She had all the adroitness, the capacity of a statesman; she had immense ambition; and when, at the end of her life, she retired to Rome, she attached herself to the Old Pretender, in whose house she died.

It will always remain a mystery if Louis XIV. was or was not a secret accomplice of Elisabeth Farnese, whom Madame des Ursins had selected as a wife for the King of Spain, after the untimely death of his first wife. The Italian Princess certainly did not obey Louis XIV.'s instructions when she ordered Madame des Ursins to be arrested, thrown into a post-chaise, and taken with a maid to Burgos and to Bayonne. Madame des Ursins had played the part of a statesman; she was treated like a prisoner of state. Louis XIV. must have been somewhat ashamed of the conduct of his son, the King of Spain, but Philip V. was a feeble prince, who was a tool in the hands of Elisabeth Farnese, and the Italian Queen lost little time in getting rid of the French Princess.

Correspondence.

THE DUTCH EAST INDIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last number of your esteemed weekly, my attention was especially drawn to an unsigned criticism of 'The Policy of Administration of the Dutch in Java,' recently issued by the Macmillan Co. Written by Mr. Clive Day, assistant professor of economic history in Yale University, as the result of a vast amount of laborious research, directed by an eminently judicious and discriminating mind, it certainly merits the highest praise, and I concur heartily with the anonymous critic when he calls it a "shining example of conscientious and honest scholarship." But, as a Dutchman from Java, I may perhaps be allowed to demur against the conclusion reached by your critic, and which, to me, appears very surprising. He tells us that "so far as he (Professor Clive Day) touches on recent home sentiment, he is hardly just to the facts in the case," while "it is evident that a nearer acquaintance with the Dutch people and with its political history that led to the triumph of the Kuyper Administration in July, 1901, would have made his book more satisfactory"—a statement which serves him as an introduction to the apotheosis of that triumphant Kuyper Administration.

Now, it is not Professor Clive Day but his critic who here labors under a delusion. Anyway, it would be very interesting to hear the last-named make good his assertion that "vast improvement [in the government of Java] has taken place within the past decade, and notably within the last two years." In Java, or, to cover the whole case, in the Dutch East Indies, we have experiencd nothing of the sort. On the contrary, the condition of the natives is steadily growing worse, and the measures promised in September, 1901 (a repetition of the promises which, among other promises, made the Kuyper faction triumph at the polls)—the measures, not to ameliorate the poor condition of the natives (liable to cost money, and all new expenses are to be scrupulously avoided), but, provisionally, to investigate once more the reasons which have led and are leading to economic decline (reasons too well known without the red tape of a new official investigation)—are moving so slowly that it looks very much as if the great object in view is simply to put the fulfilment of the promises off till the end of time, *pecuniæ causa*.

Promises, heaven knows, have been bestowed on the Dutch Indies in plenty. There is no political party in the Netherlands but, when it came to power (or, more correctly speaking, in order to come to power), promised abundance of good things to those colonies: profusion of talk, immediately forgotten after the promises had served their political purpose. So will the Kuyper faction. And how the Kuyper faction failed to live up to its promises, exactly as the other factions failed before the Kuyper triumph mentioned by your critic, may be made clear to him by a perusal of the debates in both the houses of the States General, when the colonial budget for the current year was under consideration and the action (want of action) on the part of the present Minister of the Colonies and the present Governor-General of the Indies, and their manifest inability to grapple with the highly unsatisfactory state of affairs, met with the severest censure.

What we are looking for, irrespective of party, is a real awakening of the Dutch conscience in the Netherlands, not only in words but in deeds; a determination to make up for the past, to do away with the unavowable but nevertheless strongly rooted consideration that, since the Netherlands never have been honest in their dealings with the Indies, they need not be honest now; a clear conviction that, in colonial administration as in other administrations, honesty, after all, is the best policy, though bad politics for the whole may be good "business" for some. If Holland wants to retain her position as a colonial power under the new conditions that are shaping in the Far East, she will have to change her colonial methods a good deal and very soon. She will have to rise to the idea that the

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natives, as your critic points out, "are the wards, not the serfs of the nation." Dr. Kuyper's Administration, like the administrations that went before, has, thus far, done absolutely nothing in this direction.

A good deal more might be said on the subject, but I am afraid of already having encroached too much on the *Nation's* space, and ask permission to close with a quotation from 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table,' wholly applicable to the relation between the Dutch Indies and the Netherlands, and for which my present Boston relations are responsible: "The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are going."

Yours respectfully, J. F. SCHELTEMA.

[Our impressions of recent amelioration in the affairs of Insulinde were derived from Dutch gentlemen who had recently been in Java and were very far from being Kuyperites, as are we ourselves. We had no idea of ascribing the awakening of the Dutch conscience *solely* to the work of the Roman Catholics and the radical Calvinists who make up the Dutch Premier's following. The Kuyperites allege that the labor troubles and other pressing questions at home have compelled postponement of the needed reforms in Java.—ED. NATION.]

'GERMAN-AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is it possible that several of your correspondents are unacquainted with Ratzel's masterly work, 'Die Vereinigten-Staaten von Nord-Amerika'? And am I right in believing that the recent death of Ratzel himself has been very inadequately noticed in the press on our side the water?

This looks like strange treatment of the standard German book on the United States, and of the eminent German professor whose knowledge of our land and sympathy with its people were so extraordinarily keen and far-reaching. Probably no other person on the Continent had so exhaustive and broad an understanding of our national character as the distinguished geographer at Leipzig—odd that your correspondent from Leipzig should have disregarded him; and perhaps no work could have contributed more toward enlightening home-staying Germans on everything connected with the United States than his two well-known volumes. These have been before the German public for a quarter of a century now—Part II. meanwhile undergoing one considerable revision (1893); they may be found in every library of importance throughout Germany, for at home their worth was recognized from the beginning. In other countries, too, for example, Scandinavia, they still count as a "highly valued work" (*Stockholm's Dagblad*, August 13), and properly. To judge from current discussion in the *Nation*, they might be better known in America. The very first comparison of Professor Münsterberg's opinions on 'Die Amerikaner' should be with Ratzel's, as these are found in his 'Vereinigte-Staaten' and in subsequent shorter articles.

LANE COOPER.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, September 12, 1904.

Notes.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, will publish immediately a reprint of Gass's Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition (edition of 1811), with an introduction by James K. Hosmer, LL.D., with facsimiles of the original illustrations and portraits. The typography will be elegant.

Ludwig Max Goldberger's 'Land of Unbounded Possibilities,' a review of the industrial and economic conditions of the United States, is in the press of A. Wessels Co.

Lemcke & Buechner are publishers for the United States of Prof. George N. Olcott's 'Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ Epigraphicæ,' a dictionary of Latin inscriptions (Rome: Loescher & Co.). The first fascicle is out, of 24 pages. There are to be four a year at 50 cents each.

The Clarendon Press, Oxford, has nearly ready a 'Concordance of Dante's Prose and of the Canzoniere,' edited by E. S. Sheldon, Ph.D. (Harvard); 'Dante's Divina Commedia,' translated into English prose by H. F. Tozer, M.A.; a facsimile reproduction of the first folio of Chaucer (1532), edited by Professor Skeat; 'The Tragedies of Seneca,' rendered into English verse by Ella Isabel Harris, Ph.D. (Yale); 'The Letters of Dorothy Wadham (1609-1618),' edited by the Rev. Robert Barlow Gardiner; 'Documents relating to the French Revolution,' in two volumes, edited by L. G. Wickham Legg; 'The Early History of India, from B. C. 600 to the Mohammedan Conquest,' by Vincent A. Smith; 'Origines Icelandicæ,' comprising translations of the Landnámabóc and the earliest prose sagas of the Old Northern Tongue, by G. Vigfússon and York Powell; and *Dickens's Christmas Books* in five tiny volumes printed on India paper, with the original illustrations, the set weighing less than two ounces.

Little, Brown & Co.'s fall list embraces a limited edition of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's descriptive text accompanying fifty facsimiles of Rembrandt's etchings, with a complete annotated catalogue, introduction and notes by Campbell Dodgson of the Prints Department of the British Museum; an illustrated reprint of Hamerton's 'Intellectual Life'; 'The Fires of St. John,' from the German of Sudermann by Charlotte Porter; 'The Little Book of Life after Death,' from the German of Gustav T. Fechner by Mary E. Wadsworth, introduced by William James; 'Roma Beata,' by Maud Howe; 'The Monroe Doctrine,' by T. B. Edgington of the Memphis Bar; and 'The Expansion of the Common Law,' by Sir F. Pollock.

Mr. Sidney S. Rider, Providence, is distributing to subscribers his long-expected work, 'The Lands of Rhode Island as they were known to Caunounicus and Miantunnomu when Roger Williams Came in 1636. With an Indian Map of the Principal Locations Known to the Nahigansets, and Elaborate Historical Notes.' There are eighteen maps and illustrations.

'The College Girl of America,' by Miss Mary Caroline Crawford, a graduate of Radcliffe, is announced by L. C. Page & Co., Boston. It will be freely illustrated from the life.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, are about to publish 'Life Stories for Young People,' translations from the German of the lives of Mozart, Beethoven, Joan of Arc, and William Tell. Furthermore, four child stories of the late Thomas Dunn English will be brought out under the title, 'The Little Giant, and Other Wonder Tales.'

Elliot Stock, London, will soon have ready 'Actual India: An Outline for the General Reader,' by Arthur Sawtell, with a new map.

The Consolidated Index to the first fifty volumes of the quarterly *Register* of the New England Historic Genealogical Society in Boston awaits, to be printed, a subscription large or small according to general participation. It is ready, in two divisions—of persons and of places—and is unquestionably the most important undertaking yet witnessed in the interest of genealogical research. The scheme is to print in parts at a price per part ranging from a possible $1.67 (600 subscribers) to $5 (200) subscribers. The number of parts seems as yet indeterminate. Twenty of from 96 to 128 pages are estimated. Every public library ought to be found among the subscribers.

'Peace and Progress,' two poems by Nathan Haskell Dole, will appear in time for the meeting of the International Peace Congress early in October.

Ginn & Co. have put out a fresh edition, with illustrations, of the late John Fiske's fluent popular little sketch 'How the United States Became a Nation.' It well exhibits the dangers, both in proportion and in judgment, which such work involves. Take the chapter headed "The Rise of the Democracy." Here we find in one paragraph the coming into use of friction matches and the whole anti-slavery movement (twelve lines) coördinated, together with this wild extravagance regarding Webster: "He was probably the greatest orator that ever lived, after Demosthenes and Chatham; and as a master of the English language he was superior to Chatham." In reference to his Union-saving utterances: "In this way Webster rendered incalculable service, and not a bit too soon; for"—notice the extraordinary conjunction — "humanitarian movements were beginning to mark this new era." Was Webster's Union, then, opposed to humanitarianism? If so, to whom did he render "incalculable service"? We cannot think it any service to Mr. Fiske's memory to revive this hasty epitome.

The late Canon Ainger, who brought out an edition of Charles Lamb's Letters in 1888, twice reissued—in 1900 in an *édition de luxe*—made the (for him) final increment in the two volumes just issued by Macmillan. The letters to John Rickman alone, here printed for the first time, bear an appreciable ratio to the whole, being nearly one-twentieth; and perhaps their contents, having a high Lambish and personal flavor, might be computed at a still higher ratio. The eccentric poet George Dyer, among others, figures in them, concerning whom Leslie Stephen wrote in the Dictionary of National Biography with touches quite akin to Lamb's own humor. The new output is handy and presentable, and leaves nothing to desire except the prolonged life of the lamented compiler.

The superb edition of the 'Poem of the Cid' (G. P. Putnam's Sons), to which Mr. Archer M. Huntington has been devoting his energies during the last seven or eight

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years, has at last reached completion. The first two volumes, containing the text and an English translation, were noticed at length in these columns two years ago; the third and final volume, now before us, is made up entirely of notes on the Spanish text. The two hundred large quarto pages, printed in triple columns, give ample evidence of the scholarly care which Mr. Huntington has dedicated to this great monument of Spanish literature. The earlier doubt of scholars as to his accurate collation of the manuscript is now wholly set at rest, and such eminent Hispanists as Sr. Menéndez Pidal and M. Morel-Fatio have already testified to the value of his latest labors. The De Vinne typography, the valuable illustrations, the full vellum cover, add to the attractiveness of the work, but it may be fairly doubted whether the triple-columned page will be found a convenience rather than a hindrance for ready reference.

An octavo volume of more than 1,000 pages issues from the Government Printing-Office in Stockholm: 'Sweden: Its People and Its Industry.' This is the English version following the French, which was partly distributed at the Paris Exposition in 1900, as the present may be at St. Louis; and it surpasses both the French and Swedish in bulk, besides having the advantage of the latest information. It is supplied with beautiful illustrations, greatly augmented in number by private generosity supplementing the Government appropriation. All foreigners have much to learn from this national advertisement. We will instance its convenience for reference by citing the chapter on the Nobel Foundation, with an abstract of its statutes and the inventor's portrait. Under the heading of "Telephone Service" we are told that the development of the system in Sweden "has for many years been of greater extent, relatively to the population, than that of any other country in the world." Perhaps Norway does not lag far behind. We recall the late Professor Boyesen's telling of his telephoning to his grandmother from his mountain camp to learn how to boil coffee. The English of the text naturally shows some defect of idiom, but not to an unpleasant extent.

Everything connected with the relations of our countrymen to Germany in the early years of the nineteenth century is interesting and of value. Mr. Leonard L. Mackall, therefore, has done well in supplementing Prof. H. S. White's well-known article, "Goethe in Amerika" (*Goethe Jahrbuch*, v. 219-256) with a paper of his own, "Briefwechsel zwischen Goethe und Amerikanern," of which he has favored us with a reprint from the *Jahrbuch*, xxv. Here we find some scattered letters from Edward Everett, Theodore Lyman, George Bancroft, and G. H. Calvert to Goethe. Especially interesting is Goethe's comment (p. 36) upon Bancroft's Goethe article in the *North American*, October, 1824, and Mackall's note (p. 23) upon the "German Society" of Boston-Cambridge in 1828. The cream of the paper, however, is that part which deals with Cogswell's connection with Goethe, and the part played by Cogswell in obtaining for Harvard in 1819 a presentation set of Goethe's works from the poet himself. Mr. Mackall has thrown a ray of light upon one stage of American culture. We wish that he had arranged his notes better; one is often puzzled to determine whether they are genuine footnotes to the page or references to the supplement at the end of the paper. Also, the proofreader of the *Jahrbuch* needs admonishment. We doubt that Calvert ever spelled "pardo*nn*ed" (p. 20), or that Edward Everett is responsible for "introduction to *You* notice" (p. 5). Further, who is responsible for the "(*sic*)" in: "der berühmten Johns (*sic*) Hopkins University" (p. 24)? That Cogswell in 1818 could have written such schoolboy French as that printed at pages 8, 9, 12, seems to us scarcely credible.

The September number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* is, as usual, largely occupied with reports and summaries of the last Commencement exercises. A weighty paper is that of Charles Francis Adams on the proposed increase of the tuition fee at Harvard, with its ingenious division of the profits between annual deficit and new scholarships for the deserving poor student. The first Harvard men to obtain Rhodes scholarships have their history and qualifications set forth, with the conclusion that "the rather exacting character tests laid down by Mr. Rhodes are certainly well met" in these two instances. Among recent benefactions, noticeable is the fund established by Arthur T. Lyman, its income being for unrestricted use "for the general benefit of Harvard College at the discretion of the Corporation." Mr. Lyman should have imitators.

The increase of the cultivable land in Egypt, if the irrigation projects advocated in Sir William Garstin's report on the "Basin of the Upper Nile" are carried out, will be nearly 25 per cent., or over one million acres, bringing in an annual revenue to the Government of $6,000,000. In the Sudan a million acres, especially adapted to the growth of cotton, will be added to the land now under cultivation. These new irrigation works include the construction of a barrage on the Blue Nile, the Abyssinian branch; regulation of the discharge of the Equatorial Lakes at their outlets; and, greatest of all, the cutting a new channel, more than 200 miles in length, between Bor and the mouth of the Sobat. This would leave to one side the vast swamp region where the river loses half its volume and the sudd prevents navigation. In the Sudan, population is needed to develop its present resources, but in Egypt a veritable land hunger prevails. In order to supply the numerous applications for land which it is now impossible to grant, Lord Cromer proposes immediately to raise the Assuan dam, which in the two years since its completion has proved so successful that it must be enlarged.

—We have already noticed volumes i., ii., and iii. of 'Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers' (Macmillan), in the new edition extended to five large square volumes. Volume iv. now comes to hand, and the assurances of its preface are borne out on examination, viz., that there are more new biographies in it than in any of the preceding volumes. Nor are they of new men only; *e. g.*, Raeburn, Reynolds, Romney, Rossetti, and John Russell, the miniaturist, have biographies especially prepared for this edition. Among these notices it is odd to find a biography of Ruskin, for assuredly he was neither painter nor engraver. He is announced as "English art reformer," and the notice has been written by one who believes in him and his teachings. An odd sentence near the close of the article may be quoted: "As a reconstructive legislator in art, Ruskin has not been generally accepted—at least not yet." The initials signed to this article, "F. H.," stand for the name of Frederic Harrison, sociologist and Positivist and the author of a recent work on Ruskin; and this makes his contribution seem like a strange invasion of the general scheme of the dictionary. Other art writers of great reputation are artists, perhaps without exception, and accordingly Eugène Fromentin is named in a previous volume; but of him, painter and writer, there are only ten lines of text in addition to a brief table of his works, although as a writer on painting he is of quite immeasurable value to the student. Eugène Delacroix and Gustave Courbet are also artists whose briefer writings upon their own art are never to be ignored by students, and yet Courbet's writing is not mentioned in its place, and to Delacroix as a writer only four lines of text are allowed. To devote then, nearly three columns to the very questionable influence of Ruskin is a strange distortion of the purpose of the book. Some "art writers and critics" and some "gifted amateurs" are mentioned, but they seem to be practising artists too, in every case recognized in the preface. The extremely British aspect of the revision has been spoken of in previous notices. May we detect insularity in the omission, under Allan Ramsay, the Scotch painter, to indicate that his portrait of Rousseau as well as of Hume hangs in the National Gallery at Edinburgh? In spite of its size and completeness, and in spite of the absence of any other work brought down to date as thoroughly, it is still to be said as has been said in former notices, that the illustrations are the most notable part of the Dictionary. The present volume contains 106 photographic cuts illustrating the product of 71 different artists.

—The northern Netherlands have been many times described in books, with color, drawing, and text, but seldom in one volume with such rich tinting and sympathetic commentary as in 'Holland, by Nico Jungman, text by Beatrix Jungman' (London: Black; New York: Macmillan), in the series with which Mortimer Menpes's six books have made us familiar. The artist, formerly a student in the University of Amsterdam, even as a young man, made the acquaintance of Drenthe cottagers, whose steady diet consisted of boiled potatoes dipped in pork-fat gravy, with weak coffee, and dark bread such as Dutch horses feed on. The detail of color, of faces, and of the environment of nature and artifice in the pictures shows long and loving familiarity, and the text is the delightful chat of a cultivated woman able to tramp and even more to see. Her genuine English origin shows itself at many points, but for literary purposes this is an advantage. She cannot discern any evil in the early consumption of tobacco by very small boys, yet enlarges upon the prevalence of the national scourge, consumption, and the vile and almost universal male habit of spitting, connecting the two, but not the three phenomena. Witchcraft, we find, still lingers, despite Weir and Bekker and their books. In this land of gold-buttons and ear ornaments, the collaborating couple wandered

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far and wide, and the book is therefore almost unique in giving so much of description, in pen and pencil, of out-of-the-way places in provinces other than those threaded by railways. To the phenomena of Spanish blood, influencing face and feature in the southern provinces, the draughtsman and colorist has given discriminating attention. Few books let us so freely into the peasants' homes, as does this one. The suggestions of the low conditions of life, tending almost to savagery, in Drenthe do not seem, judging from our own personal observations on the spot, to be exaggerated. Among the odd customs seen in an all-the-year-round stay is the garlanding of an ox, from which when alive customers select the tid-bits which they are to purchase cold.

—The question of ambidextrousness has been receiving considerable attention of late. At the recent meeting of the Congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health in England, Mr. John Jackson read a paper in which he emphasized the importance of manual training in schools, and strongly endorsed the view that one-handed culture neglected one brain lobe, which thus became more or less atrophied, with positive resulting mental deterioration. There is in London a school for girls in which a specialty is made of training both hands equally; as there are about two hundred pupils, some interesting experimental conclusions may, no doubt, be looked for in time. On this side of the Atlantic the latest contribution to the subject is Mr. Albert Ross Parsons's 'Mind and Fingers: Contrapuntal Exercises for Pianoforte Students, Teachers and Virtuosi,' published by J. H. Schroeder, New York. Mr. Parsons, in his preface, favors the opinion that primitive man practised ambidextrousness, and that civilized man stands alone among created beings in neglecting one of two limbs, which is all the more anomalous in view of his using the two eyes, ears, and legs impartially. In these days of great competition, why reduce our strength by one-half? "In school work and much manual work, such as carrying weights, the postures which follow from the constant use of the right hand tend to dorsal and other curvatures." Mr. Parsons is inclined to think the day will yet dawn when applied music (*i. e.*, the playing on instruments) will no longer be snobbishly excluded from university courses, as less worthy of a place there than the handling of plane and saw. He makes the somewhat mystifying assertion that psychologists who are aware of the grounds upon which manual training has been introduced into the curriculum of schools and universities, will be interested to know that students hitherto slow in mathematical work have stated, with pleasant surprise, that, after practising five-finger exercises on the pianoforte diligently, they have unexpectedly found their studies in mathematics much easier. The connection is not clear. However, there can be no doubt that ambidextrousness will be fostered by a course of such exercises as Mr. Parsons's. He has made more than a thousand different combinations of the five fingers, in groups of six, twelve, and twenty-four notes, in parallel and contrary motion, in binary and ternary rhythm, and in the major and minor modes of all keys; and persistent practice of these, in school or out, will, no doubt, make players ambidextrous experts if it does not land them in a lunatic asylum.

—Mr. Plummer's edition of Bede filled one great gap, and another is now closed up by Mr. W. H. Stevenson's edition of Asser (Frowde). 'The Life of King Alfred,' by Asser, Bishop of Sherborne, is, without exaggeration, one of the most important documents in English history. Besides being the earliest biography devoted to a layman of our race, it commemorates the deeds of an illustrious sovereign and throws light upon the character of a true reformer. No oue pretends that it stands high as a piece of literary composition, but it is a bright gleam from out the Dark Ages—if only we are willing to admit that it is not a forgery of the eleventh or twelfth century. The text of Asser has cried out for a scholarly editor ever since the days, now more than sixty years ago, when Thomas Wright assailed its authenticity in the pages of *Archæologia*. His criticisms, followed by the still stronger attack of Sir Henry Howorth and aided by certain obvious difficulties of the text, have created the impression in many minds that Asser belongs to the same class with Ingulph of Croyland, Richard of Cirencester, and the spurious Life of St. Grimbald. The question is rendered infinitely complicated by the shortcomings of early editors like Parker, Camden, and Wise, who interpolated outrageously, and by the loss of the unique manuscript which was burned along with other treasures of the Cottonian Library in 1731. Pauli, Stubbs, and Freeman have all had something to say about the authenticity of Asser, and all have been inclined to accept the greater part of the work as genuine. Mr. Stevenson goes further still. While showing a willingness to admit the presence of certain problems which remain after all minor charges have been answered, he maintains that the case of Wright and Howorth breaks down altogether under critical examination. Not only is it difficult to find a motive for forgery, but internal evidence supplies strong marks of authenticity. For example, "Mr. Bradshaw has remarked that the Welsh words in the Life 'are of such unmistakable purity that it is an absolute impossibility that the work can be a forgery of the twelfth century.'" Professor Rhys is also of the same opinion. From the twelfth century forward the history of the work can be determined with perfect clearness from the copious use which is made of it by Florence of Worcester, Simeon of Durham, William of Malmesbury, Gerald of Wales, and the historians of St. Albans. Of the serious difficulties that the work presents, most arise from Asser's love of rhetoric. The embellishments of a writer who speaks of gold and silver-covered buildings as existing in the ninth century are sufficiently patent, but Asser was a Celt, and apparently possessed a fair measure of the racial temperament. Mr. Stevenson's edition is a fine piece of scholarship, and no less discriminating than learned.

—The recent publication in Japan, in a book of six hundred pages, of 'The History of Popular Rights in the Far East,' besides being a notable revelation of the "steady gain of man," is also a striking proof of the influence of British and American political ideas in the development of constitutional Japan. How far the Japanese have advanced may be shown by reference to the discussion of "Coercion in Japan," in an editorial thus headed in the *Nation* of February 16, 1888, commenting adversely on the arbitrary edict of December 25, 1887. The illegal arrest of members of the Liberal party, this journal said, endangered Japan's position among civilized nations, and it foreshadowed the perils to the country of further postponement of the promise, in the imperial oath of 1868, to form a representative government. The article precipitated a violent controversy on both sides of the Pacific. The dangers of assassination were especially pointed out, which to some writers in Japan (not very old residents) had "a curious air of anachronism about it," as if assassination by knife or bomb were forever a thing of the past. As simple matter of fact, within two years, besides other acts of violence, Minister Mori was stabbed to death, and Count Okuma had his leg blown off with an iron gas-pipe loaded with dynamite. A strong reaction in public sentiment followed, and the ministry in power, that had invoked the Imperial rescript under which the leaders of popular rights were illegally arrested, was replaced by a cabinet more radically in favor of law than of edict. One year later the Constitution was proclaimed. Of the men thrown into prison in 1888, Kataoka, after one year's confinement, was four times elected Speaker of the Lower House. He died recently, and his successor in the chair is Kono, who from 1887 to 1894 enjoyed seven years of enforced seclusion. A notable proportion of members of the Diet or of those holding high office have been in prison, some, like Muramatsu, even for attempting to defend those illegally arrested. With the steadying influence of passionate loyalty, these men, most of them pupils of American teachers, being familiar with the political ideas in vogue in England and the United States, have taken these countries as their examples in practical government, and the great republic as their model in liberty of conscience. The recent threefold series of meetings in Tokio, and other cities, of leading and influential men, some in very high office, to express their debt of gratitude to Americans, especially to the pioneer diplomatists and teachers; and of the University graduates, representing thirty-five Japanese institutions of learning, to acknowledge their intellectual obligations to this country; and of all religionists, Shinto, Buddhist, and Christian, and of the various sects of the three religions, to show that as to the war they are one in sentiment, are all profoundly significant. They prove beyond a doubt that the conflict in the Far East is for the Japanese not in any sense a religious war, or one of creed, race, or color, but one which is being fought out on other lines of division and conflict.

—While the question of making Mme. de Warens's "Les Charmettes" at Chambéry a national monument is still pending in France, the memory of Rousseau is being cultivated in another quarter, at Montmorency, by a committee imbued with taste and historical sense. Messrs. Badin, Louvet, and Ponsin have established a Rousseau Museum at No. 6 *bis* in the street bearing his name. One may see there, says M. Bournon in the *Débats*, furniture lent to Rousseau by his hosts, the Montmorency-Luxembourgs, and of a meanness that an

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artisan household would resent—the table on which the 'Nouvelle Héloïse' was written, scarce fit for a doll's dinner party; Houdon's death-mask; the register of the death of Thérèse Levasseur; engravings and plans of Rousseau's divers residences, and a modest library of his works. The present proprietor of the Hermitage, a foreigner, calls it Posilippo, and the above committee rightly protests. It is No. 10 on the Rue de l'Ermitage (formerly Rue Grétry), and is closed to visitors. The house to which Rousseau retired from the Hermitage, a scant mile distant, has been marked by a tablet: "Le Mont Louis, habité par J. J. Rousseau 1757-1762.' This house was altered during the Second Empire, but the tower is unchanged, as is an alley of lindens, and a round stone table bearing a commemorative inscription in verse to the author of Saint-Preux and Julie.

WAGNER'S MOST INTERESTING LETTERS.—II.

Richard Wagner an Mathilde Wesendonk. Berlin: Alexander Duncker.

Besides "Parsifal" and "Tristan," there are two more of Wagner's works—"Tannhäuser" and the "Meistersinger"—concerning which these letters furnish new light and information. Of particular importance is what he says regarding the new version of "Tannhäuser" made for Paris. Some of his admirers have held, not without reason, that the rewriting of some of the scenes in the later and more mature "Tristan" manner marred the unity of style in this opera. This may be so; nevertheless, the new version is a great improvement on the old, which should now be definitively discarded. No one who is thoroughly familiar with the two versions can doubt that Wagner hit the nail on the head when he wrote to Frau Wesendonk:

"This Court of Venus was obviously the weak spot in my work; having no good ballet at my disposal at the time, I simply made a few coarse brush-marks and thus spoiled much; that is, I left the impression of this Venusberg quite colorless and vague, the consequence of which was the loss of the important background against which the tragedy that follows is to be built up pathetically. All the subsequent decisive reminiscences and exhortations, which should fill us with grewsome emotions (and which are needed to explain the play), lost their effect and significance almost completely; fear and persistent disquietude were not felt. At the same time *I fully realize that at the age when I* wrote 'Tannhäuser' I was not yet able to create what was here wanted; that required a much greater mastership, which I have acquired only now; now, after writing Isolde's final exaltation, I have only just become able to invent the correct ending for the 'Flying Dutchman' overture and to find the right tones for the grewsomeness of the Venusberg."

In this case, once more, Frau Wesendonk is the confidant to whom he imparts his germinating fancies, even before he has had time to jot them down for his own use. He tells her at great length (two printed pages) about the graces, the sirens, the bacchantes, the amorettes of the Bacchanale, with an apology for doing this in a letter to "Elizabeth." In December of the following year (1861) he begins to give glimpses of his only comic opera. A visit to Nuremberg in the preceding summer had recalled vividly his original "Meistersinger" sketch, and now, amid the abhorred distractions of Vienna and Paris, he resumes this early plan. Oddly enough, he writes that in this sketch he now finds "little or nothing" of use to him, when, as a matter of fact, it contains many of the best things to be found in the ultimate poem (the sketch was printed in *Die Musik*, 1902). His one desire is to work, to create; he had felt the imperative necessity of beginning this opera to save himself, "as men's lives are sometimes saved by the advent of insanity." He was pleased to find his memory so clear, his inventive faculty still active and vigorous. "I shall frequently send you specimens of my work. How you will open your eyes when you see my 'Meistersinger'!" In January: "Sometimes I have to laugh, sometimes to weep, so that I cannot continue to write my poem. I commend to you Sixtus Beckmesser. David, too, will win your favor." He assures her that, with the exception of eight lines taken from Hans Sachs's "Lied auf Luther," everything is his own, and he is pleased because Frau Wesendonk finds the pedantry of the Mastersingers so amusing; that was what he had aimed at: "lachen soll man!" When the music for the introduction to the third act had one day suddenly come into his mind (it is the gem of the whole opera), he wrote: "I now see clearly that this will be my most finished masterwork!"

Glimpses of the workshop of genius, both musical and poetic, like some of the foregoing, abound in these letters. Shortly after taking up his abode in the "Asyl," Wagner wrote a brief note in which he said: "The first thing I came across was a melody which I did not at all know at first what to do with; till suddenly the words for it presented themselves from the last scene of 'Siegfried.' A good sign. Yesterday, also, the beginning of the second act suggested itself, in the form of Fafner's repose, for which I found a humorous sentimental manner of presentation. Of all this you will know more when the swallow arrives in your house to-morrow to inspect its nest." Once, at Lucerne, his mind obstinately refused to work for a whole week. At the passage, "vor Sehnsucht nicht zu sterben," his creative faculty balked stubbornly. He was probably suffering from dyspepsia, for at this time he received from his correspondent a box of home-made zwieback which helped at once, and to which thenceforth he frequently refers humorously in his letters as an infallible remedy for balky composers. On another occasion, he was so displeased with a certain passage that he felt the necessity of doing it all over again; but nothing fit to take its place suggested itself, and finally he found, on playing it once more, that it was so good that he could not improve on it. George Sand records similar incidents in the life of Chopin. Regarding the first half of the third act of "Tristan," Wagner writes: "The passages depicting suffering always take me a long time; . . . the fresh, lively, fiery parts proceed much more quickly; thus do I, even in the technical execution, live in my work, sad or joyous according to the situation." The absoluteness of this absorption in his task is admirably summed up in his exclamation made as this opera neared its completion: "Noch hat er mich; dann habe ich ihn"—"It still possesses me; by and bye I shall possess it."

Albert Wagner believed that his brother was more of a poet than a musician, and there are passages in some of Richard Wagner's letters to Frau Wesendonk and elsewhere which indicate that, in some of his moods, at any rate, he shared this opinion. In August, 1860, he wrote from Paris:

"What a poet I am! Heaven help me, I am becoming quite presumptuous! This never-ending translation of 'Tannhäuser' has made me already so conceited; this very task, which makes it necessary to proceed word by word, was actually the first occasion to show me how concise and incapable of alteration my poem is. A word, a shade of meaning, changed makes my translators, like myself, confess that something essential has been sacrificed. At first I believed in the possibility of small changes; we had to abandon one and all such attempts. I grew quite astonished and found by comparison that I know very few things of which the same can be asserted. In short, I had to make up my mind to acknowledge to myself that the poem, in particular, could not have been improved on. What do you say to that? In the music I can more easily make improvements. Here and there I give particularly to the orchestra more expressive and richly colored passages. The Venus scene alone I shall do over again entirely. Frau Venus I conceived awkwardly; some good intimations, but no real life. In this scene I have written a considerable number of additional verses; the goddess of joy herself becomes sympathetic, and Tannhäuser's anguish is made real, so that his appeal to the Virgin Mary breaks from his soul as a real cry of anguish. Such a thing I could not do in the days when this opera was written."

In another letter he explains why and how he came to assist in the translation of his opera—a letter (p. 178) which it is to be hoped every future translator of a musical poem will read and take to heart. Wagner was not an expert in French—somewhere he speaks of the torture of having to speak that language; but he knew enough to be dismayed at the version submitted to him in Paris—so dismayed that at first he thought of throwing up the whole job; for to him the poem was as important as the music. Then it occurred to him that sooner or later his opera would nevertheless be produced with just such a marred text—had not even Goethe's masterpieces been thus maltreated? Therefore the only safeguard was for him to assist personally in translating the poem. "And thus I sit every forenoon with my young poet, going over with him verse by verse, word by word, nay, syllable by syllable, oft searching hours for the best turn, the best word; I sing for him and thus make him clairvoyant for a world which theretofore had been undiscovered by him. Now I am pleased with his eagerness, his growing enthusiasm, his frank confession of his former blindness; and—well, we shall see! In any case I know I am providing for my child for all time as well as I can." Of exceptional interest also are pages 125-6, in which Wagner confesses that he made a mistake in publishing the "Tristan" poem before the completion of the music, and draws a comparison between absolute poetry and poetry intended for music; in the former there are minute details taken from life, politics, society, house, and home, for which the music-poet has no use, the endless variety of melodic and harmonic material taking the place of those details in his work. Consequently, the real significance of the musical poem must be almost unrecognizable without the aid of the score.

The necessity of doing even his own translating illustrates the enormity of the

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task with which Wagner saw himself confronted in all directions. Frau Wesendonk was one of the few persons who understood his position, and in his heart-to-heart talks with her he therefore frequently dwells on the tragic dilemma of his life. It was not simply that he was obliged to exploit his personality by giving concerts and thus wasting his energies in the effort to keep the pot boiling. The trouble lay deeper. He felt, usually, that the great task of his life was to create as many works as possible; and for this, with his poor health, he needed every scrap of his energy. But, on the other hand, why continue creating works which no one but himself could interpret? We who hear excellent performances of his works every winter find it difficult to realize the situation of half a century ago. In the references to "Tristan" made in two letters (pp. 242, 206) this situation is vividly shown:

" 'Tristan' is and remains a wonder! How I could have done such a thing becomes more and more incomprehensible to me; in reading it over again I opened wide eye and ear! How terribly I shall have to atone some day for this work when I shall undertake to have it properly presented: I have a clear presentiment of the unheard-of tortures awaiting me; for it is useless to try to deceive myself—I have herein gone far beyond present possibilities of execution. . . .

"All previous experiences are insignificant in comparison with a discovery I made at the first orchestral rehearsal for my concert. . . . I had the 'Tristan' prelude played for the first time; and—as if scales had fallen from my eyes—I perceived what an immeasurable distance I had got away from the world during the last eight years. This little *Vorspiel* was so incomprehensibly *new* to the musicians that I was compelled, as it were, to guide them from note to note as if for the discovery of gems in a miner's shaft."

But not only to the players was this music unintelligible; the audiences, according to Hans von Bülow's testimony, took it "on faith" until Wagner's own interpretation of it aroused sudden enthusiasm. "The Hungarians," writes Wagner, "who had had no idea of my music, and who, in their national theatre, lived on Verdi, etc., alone, understood every one of my selections from the 'Nibelungen,' 'Tristan,' 'Meistersinger,' with incredible alacrity, and it was obvious that this was so simply because I myself interpreted them." Nay, more: "I need but give a perfect performance of a fragment, and even the most experienced and gifted of my disciples are obliged to confess that they had previously had practically no conception of it." This was before the days of Hans Richter, Bülow, Seidl; but even they had to learn from him; *mirabile dictu*, Liszt himself, the most versatile interpreter of all times, had by no means divined all the secrets of "Lohengrin," and that was an early work. In 1856 Liszt visited Wagner, who wrote to Otto Wesendonk that his guest frankly confessed that he had very much needed his (Wagner's) help to penetrate the inner depths of his works.

After asking himself a number of times whether, under the conditions just described, it were more important for him to create new works or furnish the key to those already completed, Wagner concluded it would be necessary to do both; and he did so, though at a terrible cost of vitality. He asks Frau Wesendonk to compare his photograph taken before his concert trip to Russia with that taken after it, and note the pitiful difference. It must be remembered that his health was always precarious; often, even when working under the most favorable conditions, he was unable to write more than an hour or two a day. Dr. Gould's theory, set forth at great length in the *Lancet*, that this lack of sturdiness was a result of eye-strain, seems borne out by one passage: "After my work I usually lie down a while in order to rest my eyes for a quarter of an hour. Yesterday I was unwilling to yield, and wrote to you instead. But the expiation followed promptly; dizziness overcame me completely so that I had to stop." But eye-strain hardly accounts for everything. There was organic trouble, too, and, like most men of genius, Wagner was peculiarly sensitive to meteorological conditions. His letters are peppered with complaints and remarks like these: "Child, this is abominable weather. All work has been arrested for two days; the brain stubbornly refuses its tribute." "This God-forsaken weather arrests all mental activity; clouds and rain are heavy as lead!" "If only the sunspots would disappear; clear weather is still my best medicine." "When the air is clear and dry, everything can be done with me, just as when I am loved; but if the atmosphere presses down on me, I can at most offer defiance and resistance, but beauty becomes precarious." Further light is thrown on this point by a passage in which he protests against the current notion that he was pampered and needed luxurious surroundings to be able to work. In the room where he happened to write, even his beloved morning sun was excluded—"I could imagine myself in a prison," he exclaims; yet he works steadily on. "But, for the most part," he adds significantly, "it is only every second day that I can do my work with pleasure; the alternate day is usually less good because the favorable day always makes me overweening and inclined to overwork."

The necessity of economizing his energy and vitality also, no doubt, helps to account for Wagner's love of solitude and his aversion to social intercourse, although this was largely a matter of temperament, as in the case of Beethoven, Schumann, Verdi, Tchaikovsky, and other masters. From Venice he writes: "I have chosen for my meals an hour when I am sure to be alone in the restaurant." "The only person I talk to is Ritter, who is sufficiently taciturn not to disturb me." "A good-natured and really educated and intelligent man, a Prince Dolgoruki, called on me one day; I was pleased when he came, but more when he left. I am so contented when I am not entertained and distracted." "I always look on conversation with others as a useless, resultless exertion." "I flee human beings, undertakings, finally all intercourse, completely, because in truth everything tortures me—that's the kind of a man I am, and I cannot help it." Much of this is, of course, a mere expression of mood, and, although Wagner's correspondent sometimes remonstrates with him, it makes him happy to know that she understands these moods, however unreasonable they may seem; once (pp. 73, 78) he is on the verge of suicide. "Suffering, grief, discontent, bad humor, all assume in me an extreme (*enthusiastischen*) character." "Quick and violent changes of mood, from one extreme to another, are founded in my inmost nature." Hence we are not surprised to find him at times complaining of the very solitude he has created. "An agreeable, sympathetic person, if only a servant, is what I need." "On the whole, I constantly live entirely alone. Nothing suits me better. Often, however, my solitude makes me unhappy. What is to help me then? Reminiscence and—sleep." But there is another consolation: "The process of creating makes me forget all my wretchedness"; and, after all, "in the end, I know no one with whom I would swap places."

While Wagner's best friends sometimes suffered from the "enthusiastic" extremes of his moodiness, they were quick to forget and forgive. Their devotion touched him: "Yesterday Winterberger, who is going to Rome, took leave of me; he wept and sobbed violently. Karl, too, who left me in November, was incredibly affected. They all love me very much, after all, and they seem to regard me with what I might almost call veneration." He made warm friends in Paris, of whom he gives interesting sketches in some of these letters; one day he sat next to Berlioz, who promptly introduced Gounod; then a number of well-known men crowded about Berlioz, asking to be presented to Wagner, who writes: "Strange to say, all of them were enthusiasts who had studied my scores." This was in 1859. He adds the inevitable second thought: "I now fear many a call and must be on my guard." To the most intimate of all his friends there are, of course, a number of references. The most interesting of these is the explanation (p. 234) of why he ceased corresponding with Liszt. It was because he did not care to write his intimate letters to two; Liszt had no secrets and shared all his letters with the Princess von Wittgenstein. But the two friends found other ways of communicating, "like a parted pair of lovers," and there was no break in the friendship: "He continues to love me, and to me he remains forever a noble, most beloved man." In one of the fourteen letters of Frau Wesendonk appended to this volume she refers to a characteristic remark once made by Liszt: "I esteem men by what they are to Wagner." If Liszt could have read these letters, he would have found his reward in this tribute to his creative genius: "His 'Faust' has really given me great pleasure, and the second part (Gretchen) has made an unforgettably deep impression on me."

RECENT CELTIC LITERATURE.

Several important contributions to Celtic or Arthurian studies have been made in recent years by women—notably by Miss Jessie G. Weston in England and Miss Lucy A. Paton in this country. A new recruit for the work, and a very strong one, now appears to have been found in Miss L. Winifred Faraday, whose translation of the Irish 'Tain Bo Cuailnge' ('The Cattle-Raid of Cuailnge') forms the sixteenth number in Mr. Nutt's "Grimm Library." Because of the special interest of the saga, and also because of its inaccessibility, Miss Faraday's translation is a valuable addition to the materials available for the study of early Celtic literature. The 'Tain Bo Cuailnge' is the central tale in the earlier Irish saga-cycle, and contains the principal episodes in the life of the great epic hero, Cuchulainn. Several summaries or analyses of it have been published, but no complete edition or

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translation has been made hitherto. For an accurate knowledge of the contents of the saga it has been necessary to consult either the original manuscripts or the facsimile reproductions of them published by the Royal Irish Academy. Consequently, even Irish scholars who have been able to make use of these sources will be glad to have a good English translation in convenient form. An edition of the text, with a German translation, has long been promised by Professor Windisch of Leipzig, and is said to be nearly ready. This will doubtless supply a much fuller introduction and commentary than Miss Faraday's, which is intended simply to give the necessary information to English readers. But Professor Windisch's work will not supersede Miss Faraday's, since his translation will be based upon a different text. Two versions of the 'Tain' have long been recognized, that preserved in the Book of the Dun Cow and the Yellow Book of Lecan, and another preserved in the Book of Leinster. The second is the more complete and systematic, and Professor Zimmer, who published an analysis of the saga in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift* (Vol. XXVIII.), held it to be the more original. But this opinion was controverted by Dr. Nettlau and Professor Strachan, and Miss Faraday has made the text in the Book of the Dun Cow the basis of her translation. Professor Windisch, who will edit the Irish original of both versions, will translate the Leinster text. So far as we have examined Miss Faraday's translation we find it to be accurate and cautious, such as might be expected from a scholar who has had the privilege of Professor Strachan's instruction and advice. It is a very close rendering of the original. Many words are indicated as doubtful or left untranslated altogether. This, however, is an evidence, not of the shortcomings of the translator, but of how much remains to be done in the elucidation of early Irish.

The language movement in Ireland steadily produces a considerable number of publications of literary, educational or propagandist character. A recent volume of interest is 'The Book of Father Eugene' (*Leabhar an Athar Eoghan*) by Miss Agnes O'Farrelly, compiled in memory of the late Father Eugene O'Growney, who died in Los Angeles in 1899. It may be obtained from Mr. David Nutt in London. Father O'Growney gave the best part of his short life to the teaching of Gaelic and to the struggle for its restoration, and an account of his work necessarily contains much of the history of the movement in which he took an important part. Miss O'Farrelly has made a very substantial volume, including biographical material and appreciative notices of Father O'Growney in both English and Irish, and a number of his own articles in both languages which she has collected and reprinted. A detailed account is given of the course by which Father O'Growney's remains were carried in honor back to Ireland—a really remarkable tribute of affection for him and of devotion to the cause for which he worked.

He is best known by reason of his five series of "Simple Lessons in Gaelic," the most widely used of all the text-books in the subject. More than three hundred thousand copies of the first series have been printed, and the work is so generally accessible that Miss O'Farrelly did not repeat it in the memorial volume. She has brought together, however, nearly all of Father O'Growney's other writings, and the collection is interesting, though the pieces are of very unequal value. A number of newspaper articles are included, some of which represent the author's earliest attempts at Gaelic composition (for the language was not native to him), while others provide Irish renderings of familiar songs like "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." Among the more serious pieces are modernizations of early Irish saga-texts and contributions to grammar and lexicography. An outline of Irish grammar, which Father O'Growney first compiled and published for the use of his classes in Maynooth College, is reprinted with additions and corrections by the editor. The main interest of this treatise is as a record of Father O'Growney's teaching. It is characterized by the same lucidity which has made his "Simple Lessons" so useful, and as an example of his method it is worth preserving for other teachers of the language. It can hardly be regarded, even with the editorial changes, as an accurate presentation of Irish grammar on historical principles, though much minute knowledge of modern Irish usage is embodied both in the original text and in Miss O'Farrelly's additions.

The volume closes with a considerable list of words and phrases collected in Aran and Meath, and previously published in the *Archiv für Celtische Lexicographie*. Father O'Growney labored faithfully for years to acquire a knowledge of the living spoken Gaelic, and if his life and health had been spared he would probably have made important contributions to the published literature concerning Irish dialects. He appears to have had a strong interest in the scientific, as well as in the practical bearings of his work, and he was possessed of knowledge which philological science could have turned to good account. But it was his fortune to become rather a teacher of wide influence than an investigator, and as such he will be well remembered.

Further testimony to the vigor of the language revival in Ireland is to be found in the appearance of two English-Irish dictionaries during the past year. The first was published last summer by the Celtic Association in Dublin and compiled by its secretary, Mr. E. E. Fournier. The second, by Mr. T. O'Neill Lane, has been recently published by Mr. David Nutt, in London. Both are primarily practical in aim. They are intended not so much to explain English words to speakers of Gaelic, only a small proportion of whom are ignorant of English, as to help speakers of English in the use of Gaelic. Both of them are well arranged to serve this purpose. For the thousands of members of the Gaelic League who are trying to master the language for daily use, Mr. Fournier's book has the advantage of being smaller and less expensive (six shillings, as against twelve and sixpence), and it appears to contain about as many words as the other. Mr. Lane's book, on the other hand, is better made and more handsomely printed, and it is clearly the product of more labor and scholarship. The separate articles are usually much fuller than in Mr. Fournier's, and there are a good many citations from literature and from earlier lexicographers. In comparing the two dictionaries with each other, and with earlier books of the same sort, like Foley's (1855), one is struck by the frequent disagreement in the rendering chosen for the same English word. This not only holds for the new terms of the sciences and industries—terms for which Irish in the days of its general use did not have to provide equivalents—but applies also to some of the commoner words on nearly every page. Such disparities make the Irish dictionaries, in comparison with similar works dealing with English or French or German, seem almost irresponsible. But the comparison is not altogether fair. From one point of view the work of the Irish lexicographers is rather to be regarded as peculiarly responsible. It must be remembered that there is no universally accepted standard of literary usage in modern Irish, and that the language movement is in part an effort at creation as well as at restoration. Different dialects are pressing their rival claims, which are by no means easy to settle; and sometimes also choices have to be made between words and phrases, or even grammatical forms, employed in the classic prose of the seventeenth century, and others that have taken their place in the living speech. Under such circumstances makers of grammars and dictionaries have a greater share than usual in the making of language, and they are judged largely by their contribution to this work. Mr. Lane has been criticised, for example, for showing too much preference for the dialect of Munster. Mr. Fournier has taken a different liberty, and has gone pretty far in the manufacture of new words. Coinages like *spéactroscopa*, "spectroscope"; *tearmórméatra*, "thermometer"; and *éleictreomaighnéatach*, "electromagnetic," are in his pages. It remains to be seen how far each of these tendencies will operate in the actual development of the language. The influence of the Munster dialect is likely to be important because of the literary activity of Munster men in the Gaelic movement. Some provision also will have to be made for scientific terms in case Irish comes to be employed in all departments of modern life. But it is not clear whether foreign names will be freely borrowed, as in Mr. Fournier's coinage, or Irish will follow the example of Welsh in building up equivalents of many of them out of its native resources.

GLEIG'S REMINISCENCES OF WELLINGTON.

Personal Reminiscences of the First Duke of Wellington. With sketches of some of his guests and contemporaries. By the late George Robert Gleig, M.A. Edited by his daughter, Mary E. Gleig. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

There is as yet no satisfactory biography of the Iron Duke, though on the military and political side his 'Dispatches' offer a plenteous, if not even a terrifying stock of material, and for his private life *mêmoires pour servir* are still appearing. The present volume is one of the latter class. Its writer, born in 1796, left Oxford at the age of fourteen to enter the army, and, after active service in the Peninsula and in America, returned with six wounds to Oxford

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in 1816 to fit himself for the Church. Ordained in 1820, he became curate of Ash and rector of Ivy Church. Ash is only eight miles from Walmer Castle, and it was during his incumbency of Ash, and particularly during the years 1829-1834, that he was brought most into intimacy with the Duke. In 1834 he was appointed Chaplain of Chelsea Hospital, and, ten years later, Chaplain General to the Forces, a situation in which his earnest labors soon led to the further office of Inspector-General of Military Schools. He died in 1888.

A strong Tory and Churchman, a decided enemy to cant in every form, and highly esteemed for his philanthropy and zeal in the work of his offices, he also found time for much literary production. His best book was undoubtedly his first, 'The Subaltern,' and it was this which first brought him to the notice of the Duke. In it he described with much literary skill, vivacity, and accuracy what was really his own experience (the book first appeared anonymously in *Blackwood's*) as a young officer in the Peninsula and the south of France. The admiration expressed by the Duke for the "simplicity and truth" of the narrations of the scenes and events in which the youth had taken part, shows that the book can never be neglected by any who wish to get a trustworthy picture of the every-day life of these campaigns. His other works (including his 'Warren Hastings,' Macaulay's "three big, bad volumes full of undigested correspondence and undiscerning paregyric") are all but forgotten now; even his Life of the Duke, based on Brialmont and published in 1862, is heavy and, except for the anecdotes, uninteresting. And the present volume will be a disappointment to all acquainted with the subject, so far as its title arouses expectation of much that is new about the Duke. To novices, however, and to the collector of Wellingtoniana it may be welcome.

The fact is, that anecdote has been pretty well exhausted (the best in this volume we have already seen elsewhere), and it would seem as if there could scarcely remain unpublished any writings by the Duke which his well-known unwillingness to "wound the vanity of nations or individuals" would suffer his heirs to give to the world. Thus, in this volume are printed fifteen letters written by the Duke to Gleig during the Reform agitation of 1831, when Gleig, infected by the Duke's conviction that on the defeat of the bill depended the existence of the monarchy, was one of his most active supporters in the county of Kent. But of them, ten appeared long ago in the 'Dispatches'; four others are of no consequence; and the fifth is but further confirmation of that traditional horror which the Duke felt for anything approaching deceit, even in political measures. "I have two objections," he writes in this, "to the course which you propose. The first is one of conscience. I could not deceive any man." This is like his protest to Gleig in another letter (already published): "Nothing shall induce me to utter a word, either in public or in private, which I don't believe to be true." In fact, as Mr. Gleig notes in another part of his book, the Duke was forced into domestic politics from a sense of duty and against his will. "He detested them, not only because the whole course of his active life had carried him, so to speak, outside their sphere, but because the shifts and devices, not always either creditable or honest, to which party leaders are driven, were to him particularly distasteful." It was evidently not until after the event that the reverend gentleman, who had suggested one of these very "shifts" to the Duke, realized "the beauty of those moral qualities which rendered him incapable of ever becoming the successful administrator of the affairs of a country prone, as all popularly governed countries are, to be cajoled into clamoring for whatever adroit flatterers lead them to regard as conducive to their welfare."

There are three other letters from the Duke in this book, but they are personal to Gleig and of no general interest. An appendix of sixty-five pages contains the remarkable memorandum in which the Duke criticised Napoleon's Russian campaign; but this was published years since in the 'Dispatches,' and, indeed, was lent to Sir Walter Scott to use in his 'Life of Napoleon.' There are four illustrations: a photogravure of Gleig (who looks the typical, sturdy country parson); an engraving of Lawrence's best-known portrait of the Duke; and half-tones of Stratfieldsaye and the grave of the Duke's charger Copenhagen. By the way, Gleig's regret that the "agents entrusted with the duty of purchasing a domain for the Duke had not been instructed to make an offer for Sir John Cope's magnificent place, Bramshill" seems to be mistaken, now that we know from a letter in Ellesmere's memoir that the Duke himself inspected it and rejected it for Stratfieldsaye.

For the rest, we are given some account of the Duke as a host at Walmer and Stratfieldsaye with estimates of some of the guests who visited him. Among them are Talleyrand, Gens. Nugent and Alava, Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Robert Peel, the Arbuthnots, and Croker; but of none are we told anything of particular interest that was not known before.

Of the origin of the unhappy relations between the Duke and his wife, Mr. Gleig does not give the usual story. This is to the effect that the pair had loved in their youth before Arthur Wellesley went out, with no particular prospects, to India, but that Lady Catharine Pakenham's father had refused to consent to a match between them; and that on his return, though he loved no longer, he had felt it the part of honor to offer himself again to a beauty somewhat faded and unaccompanied by any great intellect. But Mr. Gleig adds that at the time of this return Lady Catharine was engaged to another man, and that she accepted the old love, now the hero of Assaye and secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, before being off with the new. Wellington, "to whom the story was told in a spirit by no means friendly to the poor lady, received the impression that he had been grossly deceived, and never afterwards got rid of it." That this is the true story one can scarcely doubt, since this volume is dedicated by permission to the present Duke, who, we are told, has read the proofs. To a man constituted as Wellington was, no happiness could have come of such a beginning, which tied him to a woman "very amiable, very religious" (!), but "who could not bring herself to take the slightest interest in the subjects which mainly engrossed his attention," and whose "habit of admiring him in public" was to him intolerable. Consequently, that thereafter "his lady friends were to him friends only" is a dictum of Mr. Gleig's to which, in spite of his ducal voucher, we find it hard to subscribe in the face of all the smoke which has so long risen from various anecdotic fires.

Another new version of the cause of an oft-told tragedy—the suicide of Gurwood, editor of the 'Dispatches,' is given here. The official version, in the Dictionary of National Biography, is to the effect that he broke down under excessive mental strain and the effect of his old wounds. But, according to Gleig, Gurwood had entertained the ambition of becoming the Duke's Boswell, and to that end, being brought for many years into daily communication with him, he had kept a record of the Duke's conversations. He did this with full knowledge that, if there was a thing which the Duke abhorred more than another, it was a violation of the sanctity of private intercourse. Through a person of whom Gurwood had made a confidant, "whom I shall not name because he acted abominably," the Duke was informed of Gurwood's plan, sent for him, and insisted that the manuscripts should be burned. "He made a bonfire of his precious memoranda, and never held up his head again." He was a preternaturally sensitive man, says Gleig (and as further proof relates another anecdote about his bursting into tears in church during a sermon of Gleig's on the battle of Waterloo), and felt that he was covered with such a load of shame that it rendered life unbearable. Whether the world has lost by the miscarriage of his project is a point that Gleig questions. According to him, Gurwood, "though brave and not wanting in intelligence, was very vain, and certainly did not possess mind enough to read the Duke's character aright." But what contemporary of Johnson would not have passed the same judgment upon the prince of biographers? Upon the whole, while Gurwood, who owed nearly everything in life to the Duke's favor, committed the unpardonable sin in attempting behind his back what he never would have dared breathe to his face, we yet cannot but regret the loss of what would undoubtedly have been a faithful record.

We have noted one or two slips here and there in the narrative; for instance, the statement that it was in 1830, on the death of George IV., that the Duke of Cumberland went to Hanover to take possession. It could not have been in that year that Gleig saw his duchess received at Walmer as Queen, for he did not succeed until 1837, and the Duke of Cambridge was in charge of Hanover during the reigns of George IV. and William IV. But these reminiscences were written when Gleig was verging on his ninetieth year, and at such an age the wonder is that memory was not busier with her tricks.

Elizabethan Critical Essays. Edited, with an introduction, by G. Gregory Smith. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1904. Two volumes; pp. xcii., 431; iv., 509.

Mr. Smith's introduction, we believe, is open to but one criticism, and that not unimportant. This we can state, but can hardly define or explain. The unfolding of

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ideas is orderly, unflagging, and comprehensive, yet there is an indescribable viscid quality in the matter of its phraseology. The selections from authors of whose work only brief excerpts are given, and the excisions from essays or letters in the main here reprinted, seem to have been made with the best judgment on careful consideration. Salient are the tractates on metrification: out of 747 pages of text, about three-eighths is taken up with utterances bearing on questions of prosody. A student of the history of the study of versification is thus enabled to gauge how feeble was the analytic insight of the age as compared with its creative faculties, and to give date and author for the origin of many ideas, technical terms, and catch-phrases which have been more or less uniformly repeated by all later treatises on versification down to our day. Beyond the light thus thrown on the psychology of the period and the comfort given to the keen-scented noser-out of sources, we cannot see that this matter is of any value to anybody, unless, perhaps, for its quaint style as literature. To a present-day student of English versification it is practically of no interest or importance whatever.

Most of these writers on metres are but blind leaders of the blind; the best have only flashes of illumination. With doctrinaire narrowness they dwell on the simplest and most mechanical rhythms, and all ignore or cavalierly dismiss the variable and Protean lilts which offered the most fascinating field for study and most demanded analysis and explanation. The exquisite subtleties of artistic expression evolved by their creative contemporaries they never allude to, probably never divined at all. Their speculations about applying classic conceptions to the clarifying of ideas on English rhythms, or to the devising of new metrical methods, are of the merest academic interest. Their conclusions are nugatory. To be sure, the superficial, fragmentary dilletantism of Gascoigne is that of an entirely sensible man. But he, while the first of the series, surpasses all his successors. His general comprehension of what he barely touches on is not duplicated among those following him. Each says some good things, but all are much at sea, vague, and, not only that, but full of false views and misleading assertions. We emphasize this because, on the one hand, these portions contain by far the most definite and striking set of opinions aired in the essays, and their worth has been and still is likely to be overrated; and, on the other hand, the present rage for thoroughness in scholarship leads many instructors to urge their charges too soon to intensive study, and many students to strain after an impossible ideal of scrutiny of all sources. Modern treatises, poor as the most ambitious is, are more informing for tyros than these haphazard jottings or hasty expressions of half-digested meditations.

The reading of these essays as separate compositions was little likely to produce any effect on one's intellectual emotions. Far different is the result when they are deftly treated as a correlated series. The perusal of them thus brought together, placed in chronological order and fully annotated, with cross-references added, brings home to one how brief was the flowering period and how rapid the ripening and decay of that dazzling combination of feelings and abilities which we call the Elizabethan spirit. This is seen quite as clearly in the modification of the pseudo-critical and critical essay as in the development of lyrical poetry or in the course run through by the drama. The change of temper as of manner is astonishing and unmistakable. There is a fumbling movement to the thinking of the scholarly Ascham, as of Lodge and Webbe, which appears no more later. Meres is stupid, but not tentative. There is a breath of pristine manhood half divined in Ascham, gloriously pungent in Sidney, and lingering on in Harington, which vanishes never to return. Nothing in the earlier writings foreshadows what comes upon us with the surprise of the first shower of dead leaves in a moist, summery autumn, when we find Daniel's approximations in mental posture, method and expression to the smug self-contentment, neat antitheses and aphoristic didacticism of the time of Pope. The time was a long way off, and lo! here already a foretaste of its twang; a patchouli differing as much as possible from the woodsy perfume of Ascham and Sidney. All in the space of one generation, in a mere thirty-five years, this miraculous sunburst of splendid activities had dawned, blazed and waned. The date of Ascham's 'Scholemaster' was 1570—it cannot have been composed much earlier; the date of Daniel's 'Defence' was 1603. The difference in attitude is positive. The early Elizabethans were enraptured with the universe; the pre-Jacobeans were already tending to the state of mind of the age of Anne and becoming satisfied with themselves. The early Elizabethans seem to us like joyous children suddenly made free of a spacious, beautiful garden, dancing from flower to flower, not suspecting any limits to what they might find or might do; men not long after their time appear to us verging even then toward the likeness of elders conning pressed specimen plants in an herbarium.

It is informing to find in the essayists, as in poets and dramatists, the same swift blooming, maturing, and withering of the age's characteristic. Without such a garner as Mr. Gregory Smith's we might still fail to realize it. His book appears to have added to the world's knowledge of his subject by shedding fresh light upon it, and all who are interested should give him hearty thanks.

The index is very full and apparently very faithful, but in several instances we have failed to find on a page referred to any trace of allusion to or naming of the author in question. The editing of the numerous blunders of Elizabethan printers or proofreaders seems to have been done with the perfection of tact. We think, however, we may venture to suggest that the "eccentricities of Webbe" (or of his printer) referred to in the preface (p. vii.) have in some cases escaped notice. Surely we should read in volume I., page 266, line 16, "match" for "watch"; 268.22, "may" for "way"; 282.5 "Wee" for "VVe"; and I. 49.16 xiiij should apparently be xiij.

One curious point also seems to disclose itself. It is evident from what Gabriel Harvey says in his letter to Spenser, I., 95.4-5, that the second and third lines of Spenser's English iambic trimeters, I. 90.30-31, are here printed not only as they were set up in the first imprint, but also exactly as Harvey saw them written out by Spenser when he received them from him. Yet it seems probable that Spenser composed the lines correctly by ear, and divided them wrongly when he wrote them out, or when he copied them into his letter to Harvey. For, if "thought" be taken as the last word of the second line instead of as the first word of the third line, the two lines scan perfectly, though somewhat woodenly.

The notes cover nearly every conceivable point in the texts as to which information or elucidation might be desired by a competent reader. Yet we miss a wished-for note here and there. On I.16.28 we should like to be told, if possible, who was the Englishman, who, in Ascham's opinion, surpassed all Latinists in England, though he knew no Greek. No note on I.139.17 explains the reference to "Euander's mother," which is less likely to be generally intelligible than many references for which explanatory notes are given. We have found but one mistaken note, that on II.315.13. From II.315.9-13 it distinctly appears that Meres is intentionally giving a list of Mediæval and Renaissance Latinists who won a reputation classing them with the ancient Latin poets; the note seems to assume that Meres blunderingly supposed that the latter-day authors of his list were ancient. Many of the notes are fine, compact, and informing; as, for instance, that on the canon on the three unities, I.398-399, a jewel of a tiny monograph.

We are pleased to see that, although late (after the text was stereotyped or printed), the editor was able to register his decision that our Puttenham was not George, but his brother Richard. His belief will help towards general recognition of what is now fairly well established.

An Index to Poetry and Recitations. . . . Including over 30,000 titles from 369 books. Edited by Edith Granger, A.B. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1904. 4to, pp. 970.

The Reciter's Treasury of Prose and Drama, Serious and Humorous. Compiled and edited by Ernest Pertwee. London: Routledge; New York: Dutton. 1904. 12mo, pp. 942.

An Eighteenth-Century Anthology. With an Introduction by Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. 1904. 16mo, pp. 328.

The "college girl" has set a high example of originality, intelligence, laboriousness, and accuracy in the 'Index to Poetry and Recitations' at the head of our list. The prose and verse (English and American) derived from so many collections is laid open to recovery by a faulty memory, or to discovery—for example, by one in search of appropriate readings or recitals on special days (Arbor Day, Labor Day, Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's) as detailed in an appendix. There is an index first of titles (381 pages); next of authors (some 200 pages); finally, of first lines, whether prose or verse. This last is all the aid that can, in the nature of the case, be afforded the defective verbal mem-

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ory, which may, however, be endeavoring to trace a piece by some line, stanza, or period in the body of it. We have already mentioned the first appendix. There is a second, grouping charades, dialogues, plays, drills, pantomimes, parodies, and tableaux. There is a third, of noted personages—J. Q. Adams, Blaine, Cæsar, Dickens, Hugo, Dr. Johnson, Landor, Bonaparte, Shakspere, Webster, Wordsworth, etc. A fourth appendix points the way to temperance selections.

Such an exhibition might be thought to suffice in the way of praise of this reference manual, which is presumably the most copious index of poetical first lines in existence. The "librarian, teacher, bookseller, elocutionist, etc.," for whom it is intended, will recognize its utility at a glance,and will give it a place beside Poole's Index. As our testing of the innumerable cross-references has never found the diligent compiler nodding, we have no criticism to offer. What we have to say in closing is mere remark. Some prominent collections of verse have been passed over, and of course with some loss, especially in the middle and lower grades; the best poems occur in all, or at least in many. We will instance Bates's 'Cambridge Book of Poetry and Song,' Epes Sargent's 'Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry,' Fields and Whipple's 'Family Library of British Poetry,' which range with Dana, Bryant, and Coates, indexed by Miss Granger. It may be that the first part of Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury' was practically included in the collections availed of; the second part less probably. One may regret these because the text is more likely to be punctilious than in their American rivals—a matter which Miss Granger could hardly pronounce upon for all her sources. In one narrow field, also, we miss Higginson and Bigelow's 'American Sonnets' and Crandall's 'Representative Sonnets by American Poets,' however much they overlap Mr. Stedman's 'American Anthology' here indexed. Finally, and this by way of praise once more, the author-index is, as far as it goes, a very convenient table of contents for the poets embraced in the scheme. Bayard Taylor, for example, is displayed in three-quarters of a column, Father Tabb in one-half, Tennyson in four columns, Wordsworth in rather more than four. Of the prose likewise, as, Webster in two and a half columns. Where else shall we go for this sort of thing? We are glad to observe that future editions are contemplated.

Miss Granger might have been more pleased had Mr. Pertwee's 'Reciter's Treasury of Prose and Drama' preceded her Index instead of appearing simultaneously. Its bulk is kept down by paper a little too thin, as permitting the reverse print to show through; otherwise the make-up is liberal and handsome. The authors quoted in extract are almost wholly English—with some translations—so that it is worth while to enumerate the Americans, viz., Miss Daskam, a fellow-alumna of Miss Granger; Richard Harding Davis; Mr. Dooley; Emerson; Uncle Remus; and Hawthorne. Upward of ninety authors altogether are drawn upon, with a nice taste and a wide range. The book is wholly commendable. It is a companion to Mr. Pertwee's 'Reciter's Treasury of Verse.'

The little Anthology sponsored by Mr. Alfred Austin takes us from Pope to Jane Elliot, and embraces the "Rape of the Lock," "The Ancient Mariner," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," "The Deserted Village" and "The Traveller," and Gray's "Elegy," along with shorter poems of good allure from Crabbe, Wordsworth, Cowper, and the rest—all strictly published between 1700 and 1800. As notable as anything in Mr. Austin's grave introduction is his elaborate defence of Pope against Matthew Arnold's relegation of him rather to prose writers; with a citation to the contrary at first hand from Tennyson, and help from Byron. For Crabbe, too, he has a good word. The volume is No. 15 in the "Red Letter Library."

William Churchill Houston. 1746-1788. By Thomas Allen Glenn. Norristown, Pa., Privately Printed. 1904.

Born in South Carolina in 1746, a citizen of North Carolina until graduated at Princeton in 1763, Houston's mature years were identified with New Jersey. Made a tutor immediately upon graduation, he was elected to the professorship of mathematics in 1771, and held that place without allowing it to interfere with his public duties until 1783. During much of 1776 he was a captain of New Jersey militia and saw some field service, and was a member of the Committee of Safety. He was in succession Deputy Secretary of Congress (a confidential office), a member of the New Jersey Assembly, and a member of Congress until 1781. Declining the Comptrollership of the Treasury, in 1781 he accepted the Clerkship of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, having been admitted to the bar in the same year, and he continued in the practice of the law and in the discharge of high political duties during the short remainder of his life.

His crowning service was in the Convention of 1787, which framed the national Constitution. Four delegates were appointed from New Jersey. Of these, Col. John Neilson, of New Brunswick, notwithstanding his conspicuous and well-proved patriotism, appears to have been unable to accept the weighty duty, presumably from pressing private reasons, and later Governor Livingston and Abraham Clark, the signer (whose health prevented his acceptance), were added. Curiously, Houston's name is not attached to the engrossed draft. On the other hand, Paterson, afterwards Chancellor, signed the Constitution, but did not sign the report of the Commissioners to the Legislature, which Houston did sign. There is no doubt that Houston was an active participant in all the deliberations of the Convention, or that he accepted the document as a whole; and the absence of his signature thereto appears to have been an inadvertence rather than a refusal. He died suddenly in 1788, at Philadelphia, where he was buried, but the resting-place of his body cannot now be determined.

Houston did more than fill a seat in Congress. He kept up an intelligent correspondence with the Governor, explaining legislation and urging coöperation; jointly with Robert Morris and Governor Livingston he made himself responsible for £7,000 to supply clothing for the State troops, if the Legislature failed to appropriate; and he devoted himself to the study and discussion of questions of finance. He steadily looked forward, and in the hour of greatest distress was hopeful as well as thoughtful, as in his comment on the capture of Charleston: "These things fulfil the end of God's government, where partial evil is general good. We pity our suffering brethren, but no man despairs of the republick." The Mecklenburg Declaration was written by his classmate Brevard, and was given out in the county of his boyhood. One may recognize in Houston an equal and enduring love of political freedom. With a longer life he must have secured a broader fame.

This little book, edited by Mr. Thomas Allen Glenn, is a contribution to the library of intelligent patriotism, notwithstanding the original material concerning its hero is confessedly limited. Because of that limitation, matter having only an indirect bearing on the subject had to be used. Of this the part touching the action at Princeton, for example, is not quite exact in some of its details. There are also one or two errors of the types. But on the whole the pious office of perpetuating an ancestral reputation has been modestly and attractively discharged, and, as the preface hopes, the book may well lead others to let gleams of light upon the patriotic past.

The Cathedrals of Southern France. By Francis Miltoun. Illustrations by Blanche McManus. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1904.

The new volume in the cathedral series much resembles the same author's 'Cathedrals of Northern France,' reviewed by us a little less than a year ago. It has the same fanciful cover, and the same elaborate endpapers with local maps included in the decoration; pictures of the same unsatisfactory and even vexatious character, giving neither pretty illustrations nor valuable knowledge of the monuments; and a text in which there is some evidence of sincere feeling for the buildings to which the book is devoted. One looks in vain for description of any monument, for information by means of which one might learn how important it is to visit a building, or, when in its presence, how and in what way it should be studied. Thus, in the great church of Albi, the essential peculiarity of its structure is missed, although in every clause one expects to find it stated; and again, at Carcassonne, we are left without a word as to the unusual character of the ancient cathedral as a Gothic structure. In like manner, the unique and unmatched west front of Arles, with its statues and decorative sculpture, is dismissed with brief and unsympathetic remark; and the still more astonishing front of St. Gilles is mentioned merely in connection with the Arles church. In fact, one does not discover anywhere that architecture as a fine art, or as an art of the builder, or as an art of the workman in decorative trades, has interested the author. The doubt is as to who are the persons to whom such a book is more useful or even more attractive than a good guide-book of the accepted type.

The main divisions are: Part I., Southern France in General; Part II., South of the Loire; Part III., The Rhone Valley; Part IV., The Mediterranean Coast; Part V., The Valley of the Garonne. Then there are appendices, such as a sketch-map of France, and another of the bishoprics and archbishoprics in the south—a classification of architectural style taken from De Caumont, as

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printed in a book nearly half a century old, and one whose limitations bind us no longer, however much we may feel our indebtedness to the author. What is more likely to be useful is a brief list of the districts of Southern France—those of historical fame or of well-known local distinction—such old-time names as the Limousin, the Morvan, Berry and the Bordelais. It is worth any one's while to learn these by heart, for one does not now find them in maps or in gazetteers. There are in the appendix and in the text a number of little plans of churches which miss being of great value because they are without the internal points of support. The extreme outline of a cruciform church is not in itself very precious—you want beside that the piers which really do the greatest part of the work in carrying the vaulted roof. On the other hand, there is a useful little plan of the cathedral of Avignon, associated with the vast palaces of the Popes which adjoins it.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ainger, Alfred. The Letters of Charles Lamb. Two vols. Macmillan.
Alchin, C. A. Ear Training for Teacher and Pupil. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.
Allen, Robert. *Letters of an Old Methodist to his Son in the Ministry.* Fleming H. Revell Co.
Altmaier, Carl Lewis. Commercial Correspondence and Postal Information. Macmillan. 75c.
"Badsworth." A Defence of Bridge. Putnams. 10c.
Anthony, Gardner C. Elements of Mechanical Drawing. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Bacon's Advancement of Learning. Vol. I. Edited by Albert S. Cook. Boston: Ginn & Co. 75c.
Bacon, Edgar Mayhew. Narragansett Bay. Putnams. $3.50 net.
Bruce, Mary Stone. Grammaire Française. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Vol. IV. N—R. Edited by George C. Williamson. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan.
Buchanan, Thomas. The Castle Comedy. Harpers. $2 net.
Candy, Albert L. The Elements of Plane and Solid Analytic Geometry. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Chamberlain, James Franklin. How We Are Clothed. Macmillan. 40c.
Clarke, B. H. *Minnows and Tritons.* Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
College Entrance Requirements in English, 1906-1908. American Book Company.
Croiset, Alfred and Maurice. An Abridged History of Greek Literature. Translated by George F. Heffelbower. *Macmillan.* $2.50 *net.*
Draper, George Otis. Still on the Search. New York: Peter Eckler.
Dutton, Clarence Edward. Earthquakes in the Light of the New Seismology. London: John Murray; New York: Putnams. $2 net.
Fiske, John. How the United States Became a Nation. 2d ed. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Foster, Edwin W. Elementary Woodworking. Boston: Ginn & Co. 75c.
Gamble, Rev. J. St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Gilson, Roy Rolfe. The Flower of Youth. Harpers. $1.25.
Gould, Elizabeth Porter. A Pioneer Doctor. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Gould, Elizabeth Porter. One's Self I Sing. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Gwynn, Stephen. The Masters of English Literature. Macmillan.
Hills, E. C., and Ford, J. D. M. A Spanish Grammar. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Hubbell, George A. Up through Childhood. Putnams.
Housman, Laurence. Sabrina Warham. Macmillan. $1.50.
Imperator et Rex (William II. of Germany). By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Harpers. $2.25 net.
Jenner, Henry. A Handbook of the Cornish Language. London: David Nutt. 4s. net.
Johnson, Sidona V. A Short History of Oregon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Latham, Charles. In English Homes. Imported by Scribners. $15 net.
Latter, Oswald H. The Natural History of Some Animals. (Cambridge Biological Series.) Cambridge (Eng.): The University Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Laycock, Craven, and Scales, Robert Leighton. Argumentation and Debate. Macmillan. $1.25.
Levett-Yeats, S. Orrain. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Luther, Mark Lee. The Mastery. Macmillan. $1.50.
Maeterlinck, Maurice. Our Friend the Dog. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.
McCutcheon, George Barr. Beverly of Graustark. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Memories of Jane Cunningham Croly ("Jenny June"). Putnams. $1.50.
Money, A. W., Kephart, Horace, Carlin, W. E., Himmelwright, A. L. A., and Keene, John Harrington. Guns, Ammunition, and Tackle. (The American Sportsman's Library.) Macmillan. $2 net.
More, Paul E. Shelburne Essays. First Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.
Morris, Gouverneur. The Pagan's Progress. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.
Muirhead, Rev. Lewis A. The Eschatology of Jesus. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.75.
Munro, Dana Carleton. A Source-Book of Roman History. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Nield, Jonathan. A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales. New ed. London: Elkin Matthews; New York: Putnams. $1.75.
Niemann, August. Der Weltkrieg: Deutsche Träume. Berlin-Leipzig: W. Vobach & Co.; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Oppenheim, Mrs. Ansel. Evelyn. Broadway Publishing Company.
Pomes ov the Peepul. By a Syndicate of the Amalgamated Dilect Forgers' Union. Chicago: T. S. Denison $1.
Pollock, Sir Frederick. The Expansion of the Common Law. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50 net.
Pomeroy's Code Remedies. Revised and enlarged by Thomas A. Bogle. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6.50.
Prink-Crosby, Avis. A Trip with Mother Goose. Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co. 35c.
Sabin, Henry. Common Sense Didactics. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Sanborn, Mary Farley. The Revelation of Herself. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel. Edited by Ralph Hartt Bowles. Macmillan. 25c.
Shakspere's Henry IV., Part I. Edited by Frederic W. Moorman. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25c.
Spencer and Gillen. *The Northern Tribes of Central Australia.* London: Macmillan. 21 shillings net.
Starr, Frederick. Readings from Modern Mexican Authors. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.
Sweden, Its People and Its Industry. Edited by Gustav Sundbärg. Published at Stockholm by order of the Government.
The American Jewish Year Book. Edited by Cyrus Adler and Henrietta Szold. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.
The De Monarchia of Dante Alighieri. Edited by Aurelia Henry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
The Pilgrim Hymnal. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.
The Voyages of Pedro Fernandez De Quiros, 1595 to 1606. Two vols. Translated and edited by Sir Clements Markham. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society.
Twain, Mark. A Dog's Tale. Harpers. $1.
Vandam, Albert D. Men and Manners of the Third Republic. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: James Pott & Co. $3 net.
Weekes, Rose K. Love in Chief. Harpers. $1.50.
Weir, Harrison. The Poultry Book: Part XII. Doubleday, Page & Co. 60c.
Willoughby, Westel Woodbury. The American Constitutional System. The Century Company.
Wolf, Ernst, and Florer, Warren W. A Guide for the Study of Schiller's Wilhelm Tell. Ann Arbor, Mich.: Shechan & Co.

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